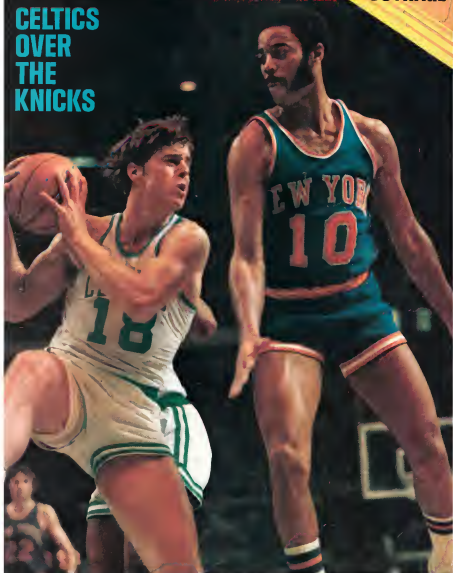


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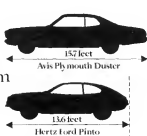
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Next week

DOWN AND OUT in Sapporo—downhill and flat out, that is. A report on the Olympics' downhill racers, men's speed skating, the 70-meter jump and women's figure skating.

THE EGGHEAD saying: Canadian bacon these days is Ken Dryden. The 24-year-old Montreal goaltender may be a few student at McGill, but on the ice the defense never rests.

D.D. FAITHFUL Yellowstone celebrates her centenary having become something of a travel cliché, but turns, for all their Instagramic wonder, into the true splendors of the park.

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SCORECARD

EDITED BY ROBERT W. CREAMER

A MATTER OF RESPONSIBILITY

The swift suspension for the season of two Minnesota basketball players involved in the shameful brawl with Ohio State (page 18) is to be commended. But what about the coach, whose philosophy generated the tension that exploded into violence? What about the high university officials, whose bumbling in handling athletic matters (SCORCARD, Jan. 10) was earlier evident and who tolerated and even fostered the coach's ideas because of an unseemly hunger for victory at all costs? The greater guilt—and Minnesota's disgrace—lies with them.

THE NEW ATHLETE

Explanations of Big Eight supremacy in football (SCORCARD, Jan. 17) indicate that part of it was the result of an influx of athletes no longer able to get into Big Ten schools because of stricter admission standards there. This, in turn, could imply that the rise in Big Eight football fortunes has been achieved at the expense of academic excellence, but such apparently is not the case. About 20 members of Nebraska's national-championship squad had semester averages of 3.00 or better (4.00 is equivalent to straight A). All-America Slotback Johnny Rodgers and Co-captain Jim Anderson both had perfect 4.00 averages. All-America Tackle Larry Jacobson had 3.30. Offensive Guard Dick Rupert had 3.73. Safety Bill Kosch had 3.44. If brains contribute to athletic success, as all this may indicate, Nebraska's opponents will take small comfort in learning that 13 members of the Cornhusker freshman squad had averages of 3.00 or better.

Another Big Eight school, Kansas State, has five players on its basketball team with 3.00 averages or better. And Oklahoma's brilliant quarterback, Jack Mildren, selected as one of 11 scholar-leader-athletes to receive a Gold Medal Award, wowed a distinguished audience at the National Football Foundation and Hall of Fame dinner in New York in

December with a fine off-the-cuff speech.

The NCAA likes to use the phrase "student athlete." Perhaps it is no longer an empty phrase. Perhaps it is the athletic dandy who is going the way of the dinosaur.

HIT SONG

Brian's Song, the film about the touching relationship between the Chicago Bears' Gale Sayers and his dying teammate, Brian Piccolo, was a rousing popular success when it was shown on TV a couple of months ago, and it has been charging ahead on all fronts ever since. Sayers' book, *I Am Third*, which provided the basis for the film, has been selling like mad since the TV success, and so has a second book, *Brian Piccolo: A Short Season*, by Jeannie Morris, wife of the Bears' Johnny Morris. The theme music from the film has been recorded by several artists, including Peter Dinklage, Peter Nero and Hank Crawford. The movie itself (President Nixon said, "Believe me, it was one of the great motion pictures that I have seen") has been playing in Chicago and eventually should be in theaters across the country. Its box-office success may put off until sometime next fall a planned rerun on television.

ALI HERE, ALI THERE

In Vancouver the touring Muhammad Ali said: "I've been everywhere, all them continents. Europe, Africa, Arabia, Mecca. That's the bestest place of all, Mecca. I went around and talked to the kings and princes and everything of those Arab countries, and they're all getting together and going to send me \$20 million for our Black Muslim college. The money will go to educate and cleanse the black people and purge out their evils and give them pride in themselves, because America won't do that for them. No sir, America won't do it."

"Man, America is really messed up. Not like in England. Oh, I love it there. The police there don't have no guns when

they walk the streets. Not like in America, where every cop needs a club, two machine guns and 12 police dogs."

In Hershey, Pa., the touring Muhammad Ali said: "We may have some racketeers and some things we have to change around, but America is like my wife. She has some faults, but the good over-shadows the faults. I got nothing but good to say about this country. I'll never leave here talking against America. I don't care what country I go to, I'm very anxious to get back. We came from Africa, but I'm not talking about going back there. We been 400 years building up this place."

"When foreigners ask me about the terrible racial situation in America, I tell them it ain't so terrible like it was. Nixon is doing all he can. The North is forcing the South to respect blacks. Our people have more jobs and money than they ever had. Schooling is better. In fact, if this country keeps going in the next few years like it has been, all those problems people heard about in America are gonna seem like nothing but dreams."

IDIOTS' DELIGHT

About the dumbest thing in sport is the practice of collecting autographs. For every serious collector, there are 50 idiots of all ages who thrust scraps of paper at athletes for no logical reason except to bask in the sun of the celebrity. The Montreal Canadiens' All-Star Goalie Ken Dryden, who dutifully signs when asked, says, "Signing autographs is a complete waste of time for everyone concerned. An autograph is supposed to indicate a closeness between the signer and the collector. But in most cases you never even see the face of the person you're signing for, since you end up signing one autograph after another, like an assembly line."

VERTICAL PUB-CRAWLING

Skiers have long had a reputation for being ardent drinkers. Indeed, critics say some skiers force themselves to make one run down the slopes just to be eligible for the après-ski snort. It seems only right then that Sagro, where the Winter Olympics are getting under way, has turned into a ski drinker's paradise. There, in the somewhat demimonde Suzukino section, which is less than a quarter of a mile square, there are an estimated 2,500 taverns and 60 high-rise

continued

drinking establishments known as "bar buildings."

The largest of these, the Green Building, is nine stories high and contains 187 separate and distinct—at least for a time—pubs. The pubs compete with one another, with each having its own staff and its own entrance inside the building. Some have go-go girls or topless waitresses; others are more sedate. Because of this hopefully universal appeal, the Japanese entrepreneurs confidently expect as many as 25,000 people to visit the Green Building each night.

It all seems very efficient. But pub-crawling indoors is a different sport. The welcome blast of cold fresh air as one leaves Bar A for Bar B will be missing, which could be upsetting for skiers who

No. 1 in the country at the time. Dakota won 6-4. This past October, North Dakota's football team met North Dakota State, which had won 29 in a row, had been unbeaten over 35 consecutive games and was ranked first in the AP and UPI college-division polls. North Dakota stunned North Dakota State 23-7. Last week Eau Claire State's basketball team, which had won 13 straight and was No. 1 in the AP, UPI and NAIA college-division rankings, played North Dakota. Almost inevitably, it was upset 73-70.

Not bad. Or are you aware of some other school that in a year's time has beaten the No. 1 team in three different sports?

DAY TO REMEMBER

Henry Aaron, who is only 75 home runs short of Babe Ruth's career record of 714, passes his 38th birthday this week, a venerable age for a ballplayer. Pragmatic Henry says of his efforts to break Ruth's mark, "If I stay healthy, I'd say I have an excellent chance."

Paul Richards, vice-president of the Atlanta Braves and Aaron's boss, is more specific. Richards says flatly, "If he stays healthy, Henry will break the record on Aug. 31, 1973." You might put a circle around that date.

MIDDLE-AGED SPREAD

During the epidemic of campus unrest in the late 1960s, San Francisco State College was a sort of Bunker Hill for student revolutionaries, a haven for the "don't-trust-anyone-over-30" generation. But now the school seems to have come full circle—in basketball, anyway. San Francisco State averages 25.0 years per man, an astonishingly high figure when it is realized, if you compare the first six men on each team, that four pro clubs in the NBA are younger (Buffalo, 24.6; Houston, 24.0; Cleveland, 24.3; and Portland, 24.8).

San Francisco State's oldest is Ray Hearne, a fateful 30. Charles Hammond is an elderly 28. Two others, Vance DeVost and Gary Bradford, have reached the quarter-century mark. Youth is represented by Jack Wilson, 22, and Larry Taylor, 21.

The team had an admirable 11-5 record as of last week, with three of the losses coming by a total of five points. Significantly, two of the defeats came in overtime, which may say something

about that age. And, lest the over-30 crowd become smug, it should be pointed out that the leading scorer is Taylor, the baby of the team.

YOU KNOW?

Some sports stars are more outspoken than others. One of the bluntest is a lady named Yolanda Roach, known professionally as Baby Rocco, the arch villainess of the Texas Outlaws roller skating team. Here are some of Baby's recent comments on her sport and her job: "I quit the game once a few years ago, you know? I couldn't stand the travel and the lousy hotel rooms. I went home to L.A. and got a job—and I nearly went out of my mind. It gets in your blood, you know? I mean, with all the crap you got to put up with it's still better than 9 to 5. I don't like it, but you get used to it."

"The fans are nuts, you know? I mean, I get paid good money to do my job, and my job is to win. I don't care how I win as long as I win, and if some nut up there in the stands don't like it, he can shove it, you know?"

"Maybe some of the slugging going on out there is more show than real, but when someone shoves you and you hit the track and bounce three or four times before you stop, brother, that's real. And I got the bruises on my tail to prove it."

THEY SAID IT

• Debbie Meyer, winner of three swimming gold medals at the 1968 Olympic Games, on retiring from competition at 19: "I'm loving every minute of it. Now I get to stay up late and watch the late movies and sleep in. I'm going to continue coaching little kids. I love little kids. They have wrapped around their little fingers—just like I had my coach wrapped around mine."

• Walter Blackwell, 6' 2", 270-pound McKeesport, Pa. All-State high school tackle, asked his hobby: "Practicing to be mean in football."

• Gary Colson, Pepperdine basketball coach, after his team was crushed by the University of Hawaii 125-88: "Hawaii could play anybody in the world, even UCLA. Well, UCLA isn't really in this world."

• Wilt Chamberlain, unimpressed by the Lakers' record 33-game winning streak: "It was once with a team that won 445 in a row—the Globetrotters." **END**



have always assumed that ingestions of well-chilled oxygen help keep them relatively sober. Perhaps it would be wise for Sapporo visitors to begin at the top of a bar building and work their way down to the comforting norm of street level.

LFL DAVID

Man, who has loved victorious underdogs ever since David put Goliath down for the count, has seldom, if ever, had a more successful member of the breed to love than the University of North Dakota. Last March, in the first round of the Western Collegiate Hockey Association playoffs, North Dakota went against powerful Michigan Tech, ranked

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IT'S JUST LIKE OLD TIMES

The Boston Celtics are riding high once more due to a blend of old pros and young hotshots, a canny coach, a canny general manager—and perhaps because Willis Reed of the rival Knicks is sidelined by **PETER CARRY**

The New York Knickerbockers and Boston Celtics played to a standoff in the NBA's Atlantic Division last week, the Knicks winning at home despite a furious comeback by the Celtics and Boston dissipating a big lead on its parquet floor before defeating New York in overtime. At week's end the Celtics were atop their division—just as they usually were until two seasons ago when the Knicks came on—with a 4½-game lead, and New York was finding, as so many teams had in the past, that when the season heads into its final two months playing even up with the Celtics is no way to catch them.

Today's Celtics are a blend of smart, former champions—John Havlicek, Satch Sanders and Don Nelson—and good, fast youngsters, most notably Jo Jo White, Don Chaney and Dave Cowens (on cover with Walt Frazier). Their coach is Tommy Heinsohn, the old Boston bomber who once wore one of the league's bristliest brush cuts. Now he has his hair styled by a woman named Margo, he has become a painter of note and he is writing a novel. As he stomps around the bench, which is his wont, his grith, his sneer and his vocabulary give him the air of a Scollay Square bouncer. But Heinie's bluster is betrayed by his eyes, which at times seem glazed by doubts or revelatory of the artistic soul warring within.

Although it is unclear how much of the Celtics' eminence is due to their own prowess and how much to the incapacitation of Knick Center Willis Reed, the team certainly has regrouped faster than was expected when Bill Russell retired three years ago. But even if Boston continues to improve, the most Hein-

sohn can hope for is the award for best supporting actor; his old coach, Red Auerbach, is still the big wheel in the Hub. Throughout all the recent changes of ownership—there have been five since the revered Walter Brown died in 1964—and playing personnel, Auerbach has remained the franchise's most valuable asset. During the Celtics' championship years there was a perverse compulsion to downgrade Red's contributions. But there is no question, now that Auerbach is president and general manager and Russell is cackling and mumbling words of wisdom on national TV, that Red more than Vince Lombardi was the coaching genius of the age.

"Lombardi became a cult figure, Red never did," explains Boston's bright young assistant general manager, Jeff Cohen. "Red was obviously competitive, yelling at refs and things like that. Lombardi appeared to yell only at his own players, beating them to a frenzy. One is almost hallowed—he was doing what people imagine Rockne must have done in the locker room at halftime—but the other smacked a little too much of Brooklyn, of the gutter. I remember when I was about 10, Red came over to our house and I went outside to play ball against him. He held me by the pants, he pushed me, he knocked me down. And I remember my mother said to him after we had finished, 'You were just fooling with the boy?' 'No,' Red told her. 'I wanted to beat him.'"

Unsparring competitiveness remains Auerbach's outer shell. Peel it a little and underneath is a thick layer of self-esteem, an almost unimpeachable vanity about his extraordinary and unacknowledged triumphs. Of course, it is a con-

vention that if one peels farther one encounters a liquid center. If so, Red keeps his sweet juices sealed behind tight gaskets. He has not mellowed as he has grown older.

Yet, unlike other reigning sports patriarchs, e.g. George Halas, Auerbach has not dominated his coaching successors, although in Heinsohn's case he wisely let out the leash an inch at a time. Throughout the years Heinsohn had been considered one of the least likely Celtics ever to come back and guide the team. But when Russell retired Heinsohn was there, and the most frequently mentioned candidates—Frank Ramsey, Bob Cousy and Bill Sharman—were not. Says one observer: "I think Red hired Heinsohn because he respected his leadership abilities and because he thought he could mold him. He felt, I'd guess, that Heinsohn didn't know much about basketball."

In 1969, Heinsohn's first season, Auerbach stayed with the Celtics constantly, traveling to road games in the guise of a TV color man and showing up at practices. Heinsohn was getting a quick, tough course in basketball, and only a fool, which Heinie—a dean's list student at Holy Cross and one of the best insurance salesmen to ever whip out a ballpoint—isn't, would not have listened. That year was the team's worst since 1950, but last season, as Boston showed considerable improvement, Auerbach began to back off. Now he rarely travels and almost never attends practice.

One of the few workouts Auerbach

continued

John Havlicek, the NBA's second-leading scorer, sails toward the basket on a fast break



watched this year occurred on Thanksgiving Day when he sought out companionship because he was unable to make it home to his family in Washington, D.C. Heinsohn greeted him with the threat of a \$50 fine for bouncing a ball while the coach spoke, and from then on Red sat quietly to one side, occasionally exchanging racial repartee with Jo Jo White. At the conclusion of the session Auerbach made an off-color remark about Heinsohn's rumpled velour shirt, and Tom grabbed him with a bear hug from behind and growled, "Give up? Give up?" Red, his cheeks puffed full of air and his cigar sticking straight out, remained silent until he wiggled free of Heinsohn's hold without even dislodging his ash. "I'm not afraid of a man who can't do a lousy push-up," he said of Heinie, who cannot and never could do a lousy push-up.

Auerbach-Heinsohn confrontations are not always that amiable. Following home losses there are long, one-on-one

talks in the training room, and the surprise is that Auerbach does most of the talking. Even after wine Red wanders into the dressing room and reminds Heinie of coaching touches, the absence of which Red had detected from his vantage point two rows up in Section I. Says one local reporter: "I don't think anyone in Heinie's position could be so totally his own man, not with Red always looking over his shoulder."

"I'm the coach," retorts Heinsohn. "I listen to Red if he's right, but I don't if he's not. For example, we've got a whole new offense that I thought up and put in myself. It's my offense even though we still run a few of his old plays in it."

Havlicek, for one, says things are different under Heinsohn. There is more discussion of tactics, including 25-minute pregame meetings, and more careful organization than in the days when Red would merely roll out the ball and let his team scrimmage. The emotional

pitch has changed too, Heinsohn being more fiery. "Red had a switch somewhere inside," says Havlicek. "He could turn his emotions on and off." But, in a larger sense, the Celtics remain unaltered: their philosophy of play is still a running, aggressive one. This Heinsohn inherited from Auerbach and, in the end, Red's most enduring hold over the new Celts may be simply that he coached their coach.

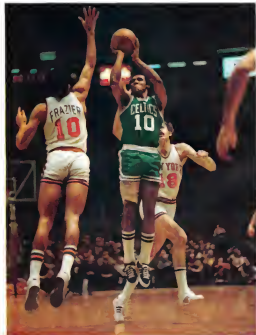
The Knicks, however, are profoundly altered by the absence of Reed, who hasn't appeared in their last 38 games due to recurring tendinitis and, as he has admitted, may never play again.

Reed's condition prompted a flurry of trades by New York. Last summer the Knicks sent Cazzie Russell to the Warriors for Jerry Lucas, who now plays center. In November, New York traded its two best substitutes, Mike Riordan and Dave Stallworth, to Baltimore for Earl Monroe. A deal for a high-priced guard was unlikely to solve the Knicks' pivot problem but it was to have been the first step of a two-step deal that never materialized. According to one NBA general manager, Monroe's presence was supposed to have enabled the Knicks to trade their best guard, Frazier, to Houston for the talented but moody center, Elvin Hayes. Happily for New York, the deal was called off. Only in recent weeks has the oft-injured Monroe been in shape to play effectively and he is still a substitute. Meanwhile, Frazier is enjoying his most brilliant season. He is averaging 25 points a game, his floor play has been the equal of any guard in the league, and it is largely due to him that the Knicks remain contenders.

But Boston would have been a strong challenger even if New York had Reed. Their main man is Havlicek, the NBA's second-leading scorer, who for the second straight season is playing more minutes than anyone else in the league, every moment of them in his inimitable whirling, nonstop style. "Are you slowing down?" he was asked last week. "I don't think so," he replied with a look of mild surprise. "Do you?" He has not, but recently he has suffered from typical mid-season miseries—an inexplicable pain in his shooting wrist and a black eye. "He got it up in Portland when the ref called him for fouling a guy's elbow with his eyeball," Heinsohn explains.

Aiding and abetting the front court of Havlicek and Sanders or Nelson are

Jo Jo White, when Red Auerbach calls the equal of Sam Jones, shoots over Walt Frazier





Free underneath, Earl Monroe lays one up.

White and Chaney. Auerbach considers Jo Jo the equal of Sam Jones at guard and just behind Sharmar when it comes to pure shooting ability. Chaney, who is 6' 5" but has the arms and hands of a man 6' 8", is the only regular who is big for his position. He is particularly important to the Celtic fast break; when he brings the ball down the middle he has the strength and size to pierce defenses. A poor outside shooter, Chaney is most effective as a driver and frequently scores layups off the break. More often he shovels the ball to White or Havlicek, who pop 10-footers over the defense drawn in to stop Chaney. He also plays fierce defense, perhaps too fierce; with an average of one foul for every seven minutes of court time he is frequently on the bench in foul trouble when Boston most needs him.

Cowens, who is 6' 9", plays center with his own single-minded fierceness: bullying outbursts of leaps and spins that allow him to perform successfully against far taller men. Three weeks ago he outplayed both Wilt Chamberlain and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar in the All-Star Game, perhaps finally convincing those who said he was better suited to be a for-

ward. "The people here want an ideal situation," Cowens says. "They want to have a 7' center who can play defense and board, play the Celtic-type center. There's not many of those guys around and even if we get one he better be able to shoot well and play forward because I'm not conceding my position to anyone."

Cowens does not concede much to life either. After finishing his undergraduate degree in criminology last summer, becoming something of an expert on the electric chair along the way, he immediately took off on a new tangent. He will spend more than 1,000 hours at a technical school this year learning to become an auto mechanic.

The Celtics' lack of size demands that they outrun their opponents, and they could not be better fitted for the task. "We're the only team in the NBA with real speed at every position," says Heinsohn. But the Celtics are not a good pattern team and when their break slows they are vulnerable. That failing was evident in the 109-106 loss to the Knicks early last week. Boston's offense was alternately sluggish and sloppy the first half and at one point in the second period the Celtics trailed by 20 points. Only some steady play by Nelson prevented the game from slipping out of reach before the half. Boston came out burning in the third period, but though they briefly surged ahead, they exhausted their offense. The Knicks recovered in the closing moments, winning on a desperate 20' shot by Dave DeBusschere followed by his tough defense on Nelson as the Celtics tried a vain final play.

Three nights later the pattern was reversed in Boston, where the Celtics have little home-court edge when they play the Knicks. Boston is a city of college students—most of them, it must seem to the Celtics, from New York. The Knicks have drawn the only two full houses for basketball at Boston Garden this season and most of the extra fans wave pro-New York banners and scream "Let's go, Knicks!" all game long. This time the Celtics shut them up quickly, breaking to a 16-point lead at the half. Boston's running game repeatedly streaked past the Knicks, and even its patterns worked smoothly to yield easy baskets on back-door plays and pick-and-rolls. Nelson, who entered the game for Sanders with 3:12 to play in the opening quarter, beat DeBusschere for 17 points.

Boston extended its lead to 19 on a rebound basket by Chaney early in the third period, but then New York's defense tightened. Jump switching around the Boston picks and screens, the Knicks forced the Celtics to take poor shots, and tapped away dribbles and deflected passes thrown under pressure. While Boston shot four for 18 in the first 10:46 of the fourth quarter, Monroe was swirling for 13 points, hitting on six of nine from the floor. His foul shot tied the score at 106-106 and Frazier put the Knicks in front 20 seconds later with a jumper following his rebound of an off-target Bill Bradley corner shot.

Up to that point White had had a miserable game, missing 15 of 20 shots. But with 14 seconds remaining, he fired in a 15-footer to tie the score. Seconds later he deflected Monroe's one-hander from the foul line to put the game into overtime. White scored seven points in the extra period, including a dazzling fall-away jumper over a lunging Lucas that gave the Celtics an early four-point edge. It was a lead Cowens protected with fury. With 1:20 to play, he leaped across the lane to block Bradley's open baseline shot, then went downcourt to seal the win with a tip-in of his own miss.

In the locker room afterward, Heinsohn was busy explaining how the Knicks' defense had stymied his team in the second half when Auerbach walked past the crowd of reporters and asked the coach to join him in one corner. It was the Celtics' most important win of the year and certainly their most stirring, but undoubtedly along the way a few touches had been overlooked. **END**



At times Coach Heinsohn is a little angel.

SCRAMBLE BACK TO THE DEEP PURPLE

Fancy-foot Fran Tarkenton, looking for a winner, returns to his old team—which means that Minnesota may well return to the Super Bowl!

by **TEX MAULE**



When last seen in action Tarkenton was playing catch-up football for the New York Giants.

The Minnesota Vikings took a Giant step toward Super Bowl VII last week when they reclaimed veteran quarterback Fran Tarkenton from New York. The little man, gone for five years, was massed in Minneapolis.

The Vikings paid a fair price for Tarkenton, yet not a price that weakens the team materially. They gave up Bob Grim, an All-Pro wide receiver, Norm Sneed, a peripatetic quarterback who languished on the bench for most of 1971, Vince Clements, a rookie running back who sat out the season after a knee operation, and two draft choices—their No. 1 this year and No. 2 in 1973.

"We suffered from a lack of offense all last season," said Jim Finks, the general manager of the Vikings, who negotiated the deal with Giant President Wellington Mara. "Actually, that is what has killed us for the last two years." Bud Grant, the contained, unemotional coach of the Vikings, regarded the trade with satisfaction, if not with joy unconfined. "Tarkenton is not a savior," he said quietly. "However, I'm sure we will want to utilize his versatility and his mobility; neither Sneed nor Gary Cunniff was really mobile. That's why I went with Bob Lee against Dallas in the playoff game. He could move around enough

to negate the Cowboys' pass rush."

Curiously enough, while the return of Tarkenton may put the Vikings into the 1973 Super Bowl, it was his departure in 1967 that helped put them in the 1970 Super Bowl. He was traded to the Giants for two first- and two second-round draft choices; the players obtained with those choices were Clinton Jones, Grim, Ron Yary and Ed White, all of whom became key starters. Grim had good years with the Vikings, but despite his All-Pro status his loss is not regarded as critical by Grant or Finks. Gene Washington, one of the game's best deep receivers, is still on the roster, and there

is also John Henderson, who split time with Grant until he was hurt halfway through the season.

Tarkenton himself was overjoyed with the trade. Two days before the last game of the season, he had met with Mara and Alex Webster, the Giant head coach, and asked to be traded, giving them a list of five teams, all of them contenders, to which he would report.

"Well called me a week before the Super Bowl game and asked if we would be interested in Tark," Finks said. "Then on the Friday and Saturday before the game in New Orleans, Well submitted a list of players he was interested in. We talked on the phone every day until the trade was made, taking off some names and adding others until we arrived at a deal both of us could live with."

Finks asked Mara's permission to speak to Tarkenton before the papers were signed. He wanted to be sure that Fran would be reasonable when the salary talk started. Tarkenton's disaffection with the Giants had begun during the 1971 exhibition season, when he asked for a loan in the neighborhood of \$300,000 from the management and was refused. Tarkenton needed the loan for business and tax reasons. Finks didn't want any of the same complications this year.

"We'll have no problem at all with Tarkenton about a contract," Finks said. "He called me on Thursday before the deal was announced and we have already come to a tentative agreement."

Aside from the Vikings and the Giants, the team most likely to be affected by the trade is Dallas. Tarkenton is leaving the NFC East Division, where he was often as aggravating to the Cowboys as a burr under the saddle, but the Cowboys still probably will have to beat the Vikings in the playoffs if they are to return to the Super Bowl.

"Tarkenton will make the Vikings a much stronger club," Tex Schramm, the president of the Cowboys, said ruefully. "I don't know how long it will take him to adjust to Bud's system. It's a lot different from the Giants—a lot simpler and more basic. Grant may have to make some changes to take advantage of his talents."

But as of now, Grant is planning no major changes in his offense. "Tarkenton may have to change his style here," Grant said. "He has been used to playing catch-

up football, which means he had to throw the ball a lot and it meant, too, that while he completed a lot of passes for a lot of touchdowns, he didn't win a lot of games."

The Vikings seldom have to play catch-up. They depend on one of football's soundest defenses to control the opposition and force it into errors, then they capitalize on the errors. With Tarkenton pulling the trigger, they should capitalize more often and control the ball even better.

In spite of the fact that he has never played with a truly formidable team, Tarkenton has compiled some extraordinary statistics in his 11 seasons as a pro. Probably the most unusual is the fact that he has never missed so much as a quarter of any game because of injury. When he came to the Vikings as a rookie with a reputation as a scrambler, most of the veterans in the league predicted that he would be lucky to survive the season. Although at six feet and 190 pounds he is small by modern quarterback standards, he is nimble and durable.

And, believe it or not, he ranks among the top five quarterbacks of all time in

effectiveness. Only Sonny Jurgensen, John Unitas, Bart Starr and Len Dawson rate ahead of him and all of them have played from four to five years longer than Tarkenton. Three of them—Starr, Unitas and Dawson—have spent much of their playing time with superior teams.

Fran has passed for 216 touchdowns, completing 2,075 of 3,797 passes for 28,484 yards with only 167 interceptions. Obviously, he stops long enough during his scrambles to throw, and throw accurately. At 32, with no past injuries to plague him—unlike the four quarterbacks who have superior statistics—he can probably count on at least seven or eight more productive seasons.

Strangely, not all of the Vikings were enchanted with the return of the scrambler. "I really don't think much of the trade," said Alan Page, the defensive tackle rated the most valuable player in the NFC in 1971. "Tarkenton is a good quarterback, but I don't think anybody's that good."

"We've asked a lot of Alan this year," said Finks, wryly. "But not for help in making trades."

END

When next seen Fran will be wearing his old colors and playing for a front-runner.



AN UGLY AFFAIR IN MINNEAPOLIS

When an overpaid Minnesota basketball team went berserk in a critical Big Ten game, Luke Witte and his Ohio State teammates were not the only victims; the entire sport emerged with a black eye **by WILLIAM F. REED**



What seemed to be a sportsmanlike gesture turned into an act of brutality when Carley Taylor offered his hand, then kneed Witte in the groin



Still working in pain from earlier attacks, Witte was stomped by Ron Bahegen before Ohio State Coach Fred Taylor could come to his rescue.

TOP ROW, KTEP-TV; BOTTOM ROW, WOOD-TV/SBS NEWS

He had been wheeled out of Minnesota's Williams Arena on a long stretcher, bleeding and numb. At the university hospital he had spent an hour in the emergency room, where they patched him up as well as possible, then admitted him for the night. Now, on the day after the riot, only hours after he had become the victim of what the governor of Ohio called a "public mugging," Luke Witte was a mess. His right eye was completely covered with a white patch. His left ear was swollen and colored purple. An angry red scab was on his left cheek. His lower lip was swollen and a large, flesh-colored Band-Aid covered the stitched-up gash on his chin. When he got on the plane that was to take him away from Minneapolis, a stewardess looked at him, smiled a stewardess' smile and asked, "Oh, did something happen to you?"

"Yeah," said Witte, managing an answering smile from under his bandages, scabs and stitches. "I had an accident."

Accident, indeed. What happened to Witte last week and others on Ohio State's basketball team can only be described as assault and battery. The attackers were the players and fans of the University of Minnesota, an emotional lot who apparently would not stomach the idea of losing to the Buckeyes in their Big Ten showdown. So, with 36 seconds left and Ohio State holding a 50-44 lead, they noted. For a scary, improbable interval of one minute and 35 seconds, they came swinging and kicking at the Buckeyes from all sides of the floor. Witte, Ohio State's talented seven-foot blond center, took his most serious blows when he was on the floor, writhing in pain and completely defenseless. It was an ugly, cowardly display of

violence, and, when it was over, when the police and officials had finally restored order, the fans had the audacity to boo Witte as he was helped, bleeding and semiconscious, from the floor.

The final 36 seconds were not played, for fear that the Gophers and their fans would rage out of control. Later, when Paul Giel, Minnesota's new athletic director, visited the Ohio State locker room, he found Fred Taylor, the Buckeyes' coach, pale and quivering with rage and indignation.

"I knew it would be emotional," said Giel, apologetically, "but I had no idea it would be like this."

"It was bush," answered Taylor. "I've never seen anything like it. But what do you expect from a bush outfit?"

Specifically, Taylor was referring to young Bill Musselman, Minnesota's new coach, and the basketball program he

brought with him from—of all places—Ohio. At Ashland College (St. Dec. 15, 1969), Musselman built a reputation for showmanship, stingy defense and winning records. It was a reputation that was not always admired by a professor of philosophy who followed his teams there, Dr. Wayne W. Witte, father of Luke. Asked to comment on the brawl, the elder Witte said, "I'm not surprised. Musselman's intent seems to be to win at any cost. His players are brutalized and animalized to achieve that goal."

Musselman inherited a sagging program at Minnesota this season. The Gophers had not won a Big Ten title outright since 1919 (they shared one in 1937) and student interest was low. He was the fifth Minnesota coach in five years. Nevertheless, when the selection committee asked him how long it would take to turn Minnesota into a winner, Musselman said, "We'll win right off. I don't believe in rebuilding years."

He does believe in big, strong teams. Soon after he arrived in Minneapolis, Musselman picked up two junior college transfers—Ron Belagen (6' 9") and Bob Nix (6' 3"). Together with another JC transfer, Clyde Turner (6' 8") and Jim Brewer (6' 8"), Corky Taylor (6' 9") and Keith Young (6' 5"), already at Minnesota, they instantly comprised the most intimidating team in the conference. All except Nix were blacks who had learned the game on city playgrounds. The only question was how they would get along with Musselman, known always as a strict disciplinarian. "Discipline is the most important thing in life," says Musselman.

Next to winning, of course. To help achieve what Musselman considered a winning environment, inspirational slogans were painted by an assistant coach on the walls of Minnesota's locker room in maroon and gold. Over the door to the players' shower is this message, the pith of the Musselman philosophy: "Defeat is worse than death because you have to live with defeat."

The fans loved the team, they loved Musselman and they especially loved the Gophers' fancy pregame Globetrotters' warmup routines. By January, when the Big Ten part of the schedule opened, the team was ready. Minnesota knocked off four straight foes, while Ohio State had three conference wins heading into last week's showdown.

The tension and emotion began to

continued



Bleeding from lip, cheek and eyebrow, Witte is comforted before being taken to a hospital.



A phalanx of Ohio State players marches off the Minnesota court carrying the wounded Witte, who later could remember little of the brawl.

UGLY AFFAIR *continued*

build early. When the Buckeyes came on the floor, they were booed. Then came the Gophers with their Barnum & Bailey act. While their ball handling, passing and dribbling tricks—all done to the loud, steady beat of heavy rock music played over the P.A. system—are entertaining, they also are designed to hype up the team and the crowd. Musselman says, "It motivates my players."

In retrospect, that seems an understatement. By the end of the warmups, and long before the start of the game, the Gophers and the 17,775 fans were

motivated to the point of frenzy. Later, after Musselman's "disciplined" team had come unglued, Ohio State Athletic Director J. Edward Weaver pointed to the warmups as the underlying cause of the riot.

As a whole, the game was rough and nerve-racking, but also cleanly played and well-officiated. The only incident of any sort before the slaughter came when the teams were going to their dressing rooms at halftime. As Nix passed in front of Witte, his left arm raised in a clenched-fist salute, the Buckeye center tried to shove the fist out of his way with an elbow and in the attempt clipped

Nix lightly on the jaw. Later, Musselman claimed that was the incident that upset his players. "Our kids were really upset at halftime," he said.

With 11:41 remaining in the final period, Minnesota took a 32-30 lead on a jump shot by Taylor, replacing Behagen who had fouled out two minutes earlier. But then Ohio State scored 10 straight points to go in front 40-32. Try as they might, the Gophers could never get any closer than five points. As defeat became more and more apparent, the crowd began to turn ugly. At one point, the officials stopped the game because of various debris—peanut sacks,



Musselman compared defeat with death.



Taylor had a word for Gopher philosophy.



Duke stamped approval on suspensions.

peanuts, pennies, Coke cups—that was splattering the floor. When it was announced that any more throwing would result in a technical foul against Minnesota, there were boos—and more debris. Still, the players seemed under control.

Then it happened. With the Buckeyes ahead 50-44, Witte was driving in for what promised to be an easy layup. Instead, Minnesota's Turner cut in front of Witte and clobbered him. Almost instantaneously Taylor got Witte with a sweeping overhand right hook on the ear. The crowd cheered, then booed when it was Turner who was called for a flagrant foul and ejected from the game. As Witte rolled over and slowly got up on all fours, Taylor walked up and extended his right hand in what seemed to be a gentlemanly gesture. But when Witte was almost to his feet, Taylor abruptly pulled him forward and drove his right knee into Witte's groin. The big center crashed back to the floor. Then the arena erupted in a swirl of flying fists. Later Taylor claimed, through Musselman, that Witte triggered the incident by spitting at him. But an inspection of slow-motion films does not reveal the spitting.

"I wouldn't have done it in the first place," said Witte. "And even if I wanted to, I couldn't have because I was down too low."

When Ohio State guard Dave Merchant moved in on a retreating Taylor, Jim Brewer hit Merchant with a combination of punches and then, along with Turner, chased him down the sideline. Meanwhile, Behagen rushed from his seat on the bench to where Witte was lying helpless and viciously stomped the Ohio State player's neck and face.

Fred Taylor pulled off Behagen who, according to Taylor, screamed, "Let me go, man, let me go." Dave Winfield, who recently joined the Gopher varsity, joined the fray, too, dodging to mid-court where some Minnesota reserves and civilians were trying to wrestle Ohio State substitute Mark Wagar to the floor. Winfield leaped on top of Wagar when he was down and hit him five times with his right fist on the face and head. When the stunned Wagar managed to slip away, a fan pushed him to the floor and another caught him on the chin with a hard punch from the side.

As the riot increased in tempo, with fans now flooding the playing area, only one cop was anywhere to be seen. By the

time others arrived and began pulling people apart, the damage was done. Witte and Wagar lay near each other, so dazed that neither could remember anything when questioned later. "I went blank after I was hit with the knee," said Witte. "The next thing I knew, I was in the emergency room at the hospital." Wagar got up and helped Witte off the court but does not recall doing it.

The next day, as everyone was trying to sort out the facts, Ohio State's Benny Allison, a black sophomore guard, introduced the theory that it had all been mainly a case of Minnesota blacks against Ohio State whites. Allison said: "It was a racial thing. You will remember that Wardell [Jackson] and I were right out there in the middle of it, just like everybody else, but nobody swung on us. They just passed us up and went for the other guys. Sometimes things like that happen."

It was left to Wayne Duke, commissioner of the Big Ten and a spectator at the game, to fix the blame. He stayed in Minneapolis to view films and talk with Musselman, Behagen and Taylor, among others, then two days later announced that Taylor and Behagen would be suspended for the rest of the season.

The penalty in a way was assessed by both Duke and Minnesota. Before his announcement, the commissioner received a 10 p.m. phone call from Giel informing him that the university had decided to suspend the two players indefinitely. The next morning the Minnesota Athletic Senate said the suspension would last at least until Feb. 15, but by that time Duke had determined on his stiffer penalty. He also cleared up a few points. The investigation, he said, turned up "no evidence" of racial overtones. As to the Buckeyes' part in the affair, he was satisfied that only in the Witte-Nix incident "were charges of excessive physical contact against Ohio State's players at all justified." He said, too, that "the game was under the control of the officials until the final 36 seconds." His interview with Corky Taylor, Duke said, "did not substantiate the charge of spitting."—Taylor unmentioned earlier remarks to say that he thought Witte was going to spit at him—and Duke concluded that the riot was "precipitated" by Taylor's "unsportsmanlike act."

But Duke also left at least two questions hanging. To what extent did Mus-

selman and his program contribute to an atmosphere conducive to violence? And why wasn't Winfield also suspended? Many people, particularly Ohioans, felt that the penalties imposed were not commensurate with the seriousness of acts that Duke himself termed "unprecedented" and "unacceptable in our society." In what was easily his most thought-provoking comment of the day, Duke said, "As you look back at it, isn't it terrible to say 'we were fortunate?'"

Fights always have been a deplorable part of college basketball, a game that thrives on emotion and contact. Lately, though, the brawls have developed in number and intensity to the point where thoughtful basketball people are concerned about the sport's direction. Millions saw the recent donnybrook between South Carolina and Marquette on TV. That was sobering enough, but Ohio State-Minnesota was different—and far worse. Instead of a fight erupting from blows struck in the heat of competition, this was a cold, brutal attack, governed by the law of the jungle. It could be considered the inevitable result of the malaise that afflicts the sport these days, a stunning example of responsibility abdicated by a coach, the players he recruited and taught and the fans who followed them. Musselman made no attempt to stop the fight and showed no remorse afterward. As Fred Taylor said, "There's more at stake here than basketball games."

Taylor and his team moved on to Ann Arbor for a game with Michigan at the end of last week. Playing without Witte or Wagar, the Buckeyes were beaten by the Wolverines 88-78 for their first league loss in five games. (On the same day, Minnesota, minus Behagen and Taylor, to whom the Gophers dedicated the game, won 61-50 over Iowa and thus tied the Wolverines for the Big Ten lead with a 5-1 record.) Ohio State was called for 32 fouls to Michigan's 18 and afterward Taylor said, "What happened at Minnesota had an indirect effect on what happened here. . . . The officials were afraid that the crowd would come out of the stands again."

By week's end, Luke Witte's face was beginning to heal. "I still have some headaches," he said, "but I am feeling better all the time." He was lucky, maybe, but the sport he wants to play again was not looking so good. **END**

THE GREAT MANO A RAQUETA

In Memphis the \$30,000 question was, when a handball champion and a racquetball champion do their things, whose thing wins? **by DAN LEVIN**

It was a sporting first, the match they played last week in Memphis: as one excited Memphian observed the day before, "This is like Joe Frazier fighting Terry Daniels—except this time Daniels has a 17-inch nightstick." The stick he spoke of was a racquet, the kind used in racquetball, and its owner was the game's best player, a 40-year-old San Diego dentist named E. F. (Bud) Muchleisen, who kept saying—he really did—things like, "My big vice is ice cream. My friends call me Straight Arrow." The Frazier figure was Chicago's Paul Haber, a man who takes a drink or eight, has been known to wink at a girl and is the world's best handball player.

Thus the Muchleisen-Haber match was important on several levels; symbolically, for instance, it was Mr. Clean meets the Devil. "Hands Against the Racquet," it was more tamely billed, but it was indeed a first. There hadn't been anything remotely comparable in, say, a millennium or two, at least not since Spartacus and the slaves made it nets and tridents against swords and shields. Games got a little specialized after that, with franchises and baskets and goalies, so that was about it for intrasport rivalry, except for an occasional boxer-wrestler freak show. Haber-Muchleisen was another story, a roughly equal test of different skills in two similar sports. Mr. Clean and the Devil represented games as much alike as any two could be, both played in the same little rectangular room by virtually

the same rules, but one man was going to have a racquet and the other two gloved hands.

As the week progressed, bets began to come into Memphis from San Diego and Chicago, and it soon became evident that each set of backers knew the obvious: There was no way its man could lose. The big technical imponderable was the question of the ball. Muchleisen had the racquet's reach, it had been reasoned, so Haber was allowed his higher-bouncing handball. Otherwise, with the softer, larger racquetball, he would be as helpless as an empty-handed tennis player. No one argued the point, and this left each man with one seemingly overwhelming advantage: the 35-year-old Haber's 28 years' experience with the handball and the crazy spinning bounces he could impart to it against the dentist's added leverage, reach and extra power.

Muchleisen said, "My strongest point is the ball speed I can attain with the racquet, and Haber doesn't understand my ability to control the handball." He had played a few times recently with some fair handball men. "But they weren't Haber," the handball people kept saying. There was another thing: Haber's very real aura of invincibility. He had lost to a lot of handball players, having come drunk to the court or playing halfheartedly, but he had never lost a really big match. Jimmy Jacobs, six times national four-wall champion, said, "Haber doesn't have a racquet, but the ball de-

termines the game, and you never try to beat a man at his own game. Muchleisen may hit that ball 200 miles an hour, but Paul will just step aside and pick it off the back wall."

The man who brought the match to Tennessee was DeWitt Shy, the wealthy 49-year-old president of the Memphis Racquetball Association.

"Hi, I'm DeWitt Shy," he would say, all pinstripes and big hills, and then he would proceed to drawl on about why Muchleisen couldn't lose. "Haber's experience with the handball would be a factor if Doctor Bud had never played with it, but he has. And he can move it twice as fast as Haber can. Why, he can knock that little ball through the wall."

Haber himself was not about to become bushful after all these years. "Muchleisen may have developed a wicked, low, bulletlike serve and vol-





Paul Haber and Bud Muehlenisen each claimed he could not lose. One of them was wrong.

key," he said, "but they'll be straight as arrows. And if he thinks he can read my hops, well, he's just got another think coming."

"If he ever gets to hop it, that is," Muehlenisen said. "Haber will be put on the defensive. The pace of play will be extremely new to him. He may be in better shape than me, and at 35 he's younger—all the Haber people mentioned that—but the racquet requires minimal effort to propel the ball, and I can conserve energy while he's running all over the court."

Ultimately Haber and Muehlenisen began to wind up their little speeches with a prediction—first from Haber and then, with two or three days to go, from Muehlenisen, too. "When I get through with him," Haber said, "he'll be happy to crawl back to San Diego and stay with his one-handed game and the soft ball."

This kind of thing embarrassed Muehlenisen, and as the days passed, word of the stepped-up betting bothered him even more. He would say, "I don't care if they don't bet *cent* *one* on this thing. I just want to promote my sport." And though he knew it sounded pompous, he added, sincerely enough, "You must understand, in the world of racquetball I'm thought of as the white knight, the epitome of sportsmanship and manners." But finally he couldn't resist. He pulled out four sheets of paper he had covered in longhand, containing his analysis of the match. In 20 categories he had rated himself and his opponent with point values from 1 to 10, and the totals gave him a 154-134 edge. At the bottom of one sheet he had written this all-encompassing goal: "To defeat, destroy, annihilate and possibly even humiliate Paul Haber and thereby end the

hands-over-racquet myth." Then he added, "I'm not a cocky type like Haber, but I'm gonna blow him off the court."

All of these Haber-Muehlenisen exchanges were delivered second hand. Muehlenisen wanted it that way, and Haber had no choice, since he didn't know where Muehlenisen was. Muehlenisen, on arrival in Memphis, had temporarily changed his name to Frank Jones, registered that way at his motel and sworn everyone to secrecy. "Haber's habit to keep me up all night before the match," he explained. "I don't usually do things like this, but when you've been around Haber as I have been."

Last July, when Haber was coming to San Diego for an exhibition, he called Muehlenisen—collect—to suggest a handball-racquetball match that weekend, to be played for money. Muehlenisen said no, but in San Diego, he says, "Haber was telling people that when we played I wouldn't get five points." Once back in Chicago, after he had all but taken apart a San Diego nightclub and had been escorted to his seat by the police, Haber began telling people to get their money together, that he would double it for them. He called Muehlenisen again about a match. At last Muehlenisen agreed, "mainly for the exposure of racquetball," he said, but there were those who thought Mr. Clean had been shamed into it.

In Memphis, with three days to go, Haber was acting oddly. He hadn't had a hard drink in a week, and he was gulping coffee. "I'm really on edge for this one," he said. "I've never played for bigger money."

As for Muehlenisen, either he knew something or he was popping Valium. With 48 hours to go, he went off for the day with a long-lost Memphis uncle. They drove around Elvis Presley's house and Muehlenisen bought a picture of it for \$60, after which he asked to be driven by Marguerite Piazza's place. That evening, however, he took a pair of dental forceps from his drawer. "If

continued

Haber pulls anything," he said, "I'll take these out and say, 'Paul, if you get in my way these are to extract the ball from your head.'" (At last year's handball nationals, Muehleisen knew, Haber had placed two doughnuts outside his court before the finals. "Those'll be your scores," he told his opponent, "and you can eat them for lunch.")

Then there was no time left. More than \$30,000 was reportedly on the line. Haber was saying, "I'd love to arrange to make it close and maybe get a rematch in San Diego, but it's unthinkable. If I ever lost that way, I'd probably wind up in the morgue." And DeWitt Shny was crooning, "You all are gonna be viewing one of the most historic events ever to take place in sports."

Paul Haber was chewing gum wildly. Bud Muehleisen was as grim as an executioner. Neither had said much of anything to anyone since breakfast. Oblivious to friends, to each other, alone, they crouched through the low door, and behind the court's glass walls heartbeats were suddenly audible in 350 pairs of ears.

Thunk. Muehleisen's serve shot out low and hard. One, two, three, four quick ones for as many points. He was serving deliberately, almost jerkily, setting his feet and the arc of his racquet as if he had programmed every move. Haber chewed faster. "He's up-tight," someone said after the first rally had ended with a kill shot of a ceiling ball, Haber's best shot, for Muehleisen's fifth straight point. Six, seven it went. Would Haber even get a chance? Eight, nine—the carefully chosen words came back. "My secret weapon is my serve. Ideally executed, it's unreturnable." Was this how it would end? Would Haber do anything? One of his backers said, "He's like a batter getting adjusted to the fastball," but his adjustment in game one ended with point 10, against 21 for Muehleisen, who had predicted 21-14. Muehleisen shrugged and smiled knowingly toward a group of his Californian friends.

After the two-minute break Haber came back arrogantly with a cool sneer and an order for the referee. "I want everyone down in the gallery or I don't play." When the spectators finally sat and play began, Muehleisen's serves were a trifle high. The difference between his

"ideally executed" serve and a weak one was a matter of perhaps two degrees in the angle of the racquet, but now Haber was hitting that fastball some. And it was the kind of ball he had played with all his life. He was perceptibly gaining the offensive, and his serves came off the wall enticingly. They were slower than Muehleisen's, but they hit the floor and lurched upward at Silly Putty angles. Muehleisen returned them, but too carefully, defensively and weakly.

For a long scoreless stretch at 16-15, Haber's lead, they countered each other's strengths, Haber's hopping ball against the Californian's quick one and his reach. Haber was having to run more than Muehleisen—twice he fell to the floor—and he seemed the more tired, but Muehleisen's backhand game had all but collapsed. He was missing the ceiling shots he had murdered in Game One, and Haber evened the series 21-15. "Remember, whoever controls the ball . . ." Muehleisen had repeated all week, but his control was paper thin; it was intelligently planned, but planning had begun little more than a month before. Muehleisen's game was growing shoddy; Haber, on the other hand, could hardly move. There seemed no way either man could win the rubber game. Later, as he sat with a bleeding knee, Haber would call it "maybe the most exciting game ever played on a handball court."

At the start of the final game Muehleisen seemed to fall apart. There was no kind of easy shot he didn't miss—sure kills with Haber out of position, simple backhands, overhands off the wall—and soon he was all but dead and buried, 17 points to none. It was a sad thing to watch. Maybe it was the lights, but his hairline appeared to be receding minute by minute. He held on, though, and then he won two points. Haber just couldn't handle that, and he went into his act designed to barnstorm, infuriate and intimidate both his opponent and the referee, but basically to stall for time. With what Haber had left, two points was a juggernaut rolling toward victory, and he started off with his ball routine. There was something wrong with the ball, he wasn't sure what, so he let the ref have a look, a good one. They played catch for a while, giving the ball a thorough five- or six-minute inspection before Haber decided it looked fine after all.

Meanwhile, Muehleisen was digging

back into 40 years of clean living and coming up with hidden reserves. Haber made it 18-2 after resting the ball, but then Mr. Clean won the serve and made it 18-3, 18-4, 18-5, 18-6—Haber's eyes were rolling—18-7, 18-8, 18-9, 18-10, 18-11. Haber called time out, huddled feebly on the floor and came up with—ripped glove? Of course, he had to leave the court for a new pair. He closed the door and collapsed on the floor outside for a minute or two. Back inside, he seemed hardly able to get the gloves on, they were so small; he showed the ref how much trouble he was having, and that took another minute or two. When play resumed he made it 19-11, lost the serve and punched the wall, after which Muehleisen scored two points.

One hopes the television crew on hand filmed the next sequence. Handball players everywhere should see it, as well as acrobats, gymnasts, Ripley and President Nixon. Four times Muehleisen hit shots that were clearly beyond any mortal's ability to come near, and four times Haber dived, gyrated and flipped to return them. Muehleisen served again, and it was 19-14, 19-15, and Haber was arguing again with the referee. The ball had hit the recessed door handle, he shouted, but it was explained to Haber, who had played handball before, that there had been no decision about "court hindern" made before the match.

Haber served, and it was 20-15. Then Muehleisen got it up to 20-16, and Haber shouted that he had hit him with his racquet. The referee looked inquiringly at Muehleisen, the latter nodded yes, he had, and the point was taken away. Now it was Haber's serve. As the ball was volleyed back to Haber, Muehleisen, caught flatfooted and disoriented, couldn't get out of his way, and the referee called an "avoidable hinder," giving Haber point 21—game, match and the pent-up antipathy of at least the racquetball people present. A few of them wept, and even Haber's followers hated to see it end that way.

Outside, Haber talked about "the rematch, for six figures, in San Diego." He said that physically this had been the toughest day of his career and that no other handball player alive could beat Muehleisen. Then someone mentioned the Frazier, Daniels, nightstick line.

"Yes," Haber said, "if he'd used the racquet as a nightstick I might have been in trouble."

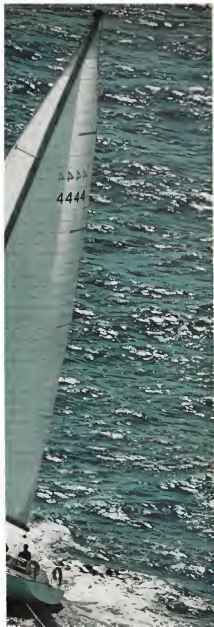
END

QUEENS OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS



Fastest boat afloat, "Windward Passage" has set the 176 miles from Miami to Nassau in less than 16 hours—a record.





Ine way of looking at the Southern Ocean Racing Conference is this: a tropical excuse for multimillionaires to display their queenly new boats every winter while the rest of us are bailing out our post-Christmas bank accounts and wondering when the snow will melt. But that is a shortsighted view. There are those who sail the SORC not for pomp, but just for fun. Take the owner of an aged yawl who, despite warnings he would never win a prize, one year insisted on paying the entry fee for every race. In the first event, the Venice race, he was sunburned so badly he was put to bed. In the 375-mile St. Petersburg to Fort Lauderdale race he made a landfall on a Cuban beach. The short Lipton Cup race off Miami saw him knocked cold by a spinning winch handle, but he recovered his senses in time to start the 176-mile dogleg from Miami to Nassau—the contest, he had heard, that typified the SORC. Unfortunately, he caved in two ribs when his boat crashed into a big Gulf Stream sea. The final event, sailed from Nassau to a geographical

eastward



Jolliest boat ashore, "Yaskee Girl" enjoys Nassau R & R, while defending champion "Running Tide" sails up a gentle Bahamian breeze.



speck called Booby Rocks and back, went pretty well, but after celebrating his good fortune our captain totaled a motor scooter in Nassau—and almost totaled himself.

Like battalions of anonymous skippers whose boats fall far short of being true thoroughbreds, rivals for a *Running Tide*, *Yankee Girl*, *American Eagle*, *Onslow*, *Windward Passage* or even some smaller fry, our duffer got no newspaper attention. He had gone south for the fun of it, and in spite of his wounds and racing gaffes he had enjoyed himself as only a sailor can.

Now the fun has begun again—those same six races spread over a month of wind and wave—in the only ocean racing series where sooner or later every type of boat will meet a condition particularly suited to its shape or rig, and particularly unsuited, too. Unless something extraordinary happens, boats that sail best against the wind will get windward work. Those that favor downwind courses will find their share of downwind legs, and so forth. Also, if it fails to blow in one race, just wait, for it will certainly blow in the next. Thus designers, owners and sailmakers are denied the tired excuse, "the weather, you know. We were robbed."

Because of its variety, the SORC has become the test tube and trend-setter of American ocean racing. First models of production boats and new custom craft are built to meet the circuit's deadline, which falls in late January. They travel from the West Coast by trailer, down the Intracoastal Waterway under their own steam and—like Skip Ryder's brand new *Phantom*, designed by Canada's Cuthbertson and Cassia—on the warm patriotic winds of a foreign designer or two.

They come in all shapes, sizes and pedigrees, but none more glittering than *Running Tide*, Jakob Isbrandtsen's defending champion. *Running Tide* has a new man at the wheel this year. Not satisfied merely to race his own 68-foot *American Eagle* in Australia's year-end series, that transoceanic commuter, Ted Turner, has chartered *Tide* in partnership with Texas oilman Perry Bass. *Warrior*,

designed by Britton Chance; *Yankee Girl* by Olin Stephens; *Crossade*, designed by Alan Gurney and owned by Britain's Sir Max Aitken: these, too, are boats to engage the connoisseur's eye.

Ryder's blood-red *Phantom* must also be listed high on any SORC dopesheet, for Ryder is a veteran's veteran on the circuit and *Phantom* is 50 feet of fiberglass rocket, with a sloop rig so tall and narrow it looks as if it could lift her into space. In addition, everything is so nice and neat—and plentiful—aboard *Phantom* that she is dazzling to behold. The deck boasts approximately a winch per inch, and there are a dozen or more beautifully cut Hood and Hard sails in a specially designed forward sail room. Aft is a nifty owner's stateroom, separated by a midships cockpit from a seven-berth crew dormitory of unusual comfort. Following her introduction to ocean racing society this month, *Phantom* is slated for the Bermuda race and the thrash from Bermuda to Spain—events that will make her amenities seem as valuable as her life rafts.

Another craft to catch one's fancy in the big-bout league is *Equation*, owned by Jack Potter of Locust Valley, N.Y. Built to exploit whatever seams there might be in the handicap rule, *Equation* was given a ketch rig by Designer Britton Chance. In an era of singlesickers, with two-masted vessels about as common as side-wheelers, *Equation's* spars have set waterfront handicappers buzzing.

Yearly the list of the custom boats grows longer, overshadowing the shoals of small yet peppery vessels that make up the fleet's bulk. But many of these more mundane competitors are worth a closer look. On the 1971 circuit, for example, there was a boat from Sweden named *Swaggle*. She was so small her owner, Bengt Jönstedt, had to add five inches to her nose to meet the SORC minimum of 30 feet. Jönstedt, a student, and his crew of college kids camped aboard the tiny sloop to save kroner. Through superb sailing the economy-sized *Swaggle* won Class E by a big margin, finishing 15th overall in a series dominated by big A Division boats.

Hundreds of crewmen show up on both coasts of Florida and then in the Bahamas during the circuit. A few sail for "tickets," i.e., for skippers who are

willing to pay the air fares of premium amateur winch-pumpers and foredeck men. But most pay their own expenses and are happy to do so, and often they make equally talented crews. Small boats may have as few as four men, while big ones carry five times as many. Chip Cleary, the silver-haired majordomo for Owner Mark Johnson aboard the 73-foot *Windward Passage*, keeps a roster of more than 60 names. "We know all these men," says Cleary, "and they all know the boat."

Alongside the superboats in SORC ports will be clunkers with last year's sails and winches from the year before, manned by landlubbers dressed in unfashionably new Top-Siders and Breton-rumped pants as yet unfaded. But old seaboot or shun Top-Sider, veteran and greenhorn alike will share seasickness or fright in a violent Gulf Stream. And both will experience the joy of mooring through the Northwest Providence Channel on a warm, bright morning with the Berry Islands to leeward and a bosomy spinnaker happily rippling overhead.

Let's face it, in February warm blue water has it all over cold white snow. And lest anyone think SORC racing is for blood alone, consider the funnelator. The funnelator is an adaptation of the college water bomb bit. An ordinary funnel is hitched to a pair of elastic slings made from prosaic surgical tubing. A balloon filled with about a quart of the Gulf Stream is loaded into the funnel's breach. The cannoner aims and fires, and the funnelator delivers its load with an accuracy that is careless of name, rank and bank account. In case it is imagined that this kind of warfare is practiced by bored also-rans, think again. One of the best competitors on the 1971 circuit, Mason Pearsall, was the champion with a funnelator. There was also the case of the comely young woman, her movements unhindered by apparel, who was hauled up a boat's mast by the genou halyard on a halcyon day in harbor at Nassau. The capacities of SORC crewmen for hinks are bottomless—or, in this case, topless.

In port or at sea, the SORC offers sailors Victor Hugo's invitation to spring when "winter changes into stone the water of heaven and the heart of man."

—HUGH D. WHALE

Luckiest man aloft, a "Yankee Girl" reveler leaps from a spreader—and breaks no bones.

There are strange things done in the midnight sun. . . .

—ROBERT SERVICE

We're actually not *that* far north. Yes, a small church in the Upper Peninsula had a Blessing of the Snowmobiles and not a trace of irony was noticed. But the sense of the Arctic does pull on us: days shorten, men mumble, the euchre games at the tavern grow extended and violent. There is much talk in December and January of just when the bay will freeze over. It is the West Arm of the Grand Traverse Bay they are talking about, a very grand bay indeed, containing some 10-by-30 miles of Lake Michigan's water. The East Arm usually freezes first, but the lake trout run smaller there for unknown reasons. Some years the bay doesn't freeze, but this is rare. And some years an oil tanker is brought in at an inopportune time, say if there is a steady offshore wind and a warming trend, and the ice breaks up and blows out.

Up until Feb. 15, the date on which the ice is usually safe, sportsmen must be content to fish on smaller lakes for perch or crappies, or some of them take up the ancient art of pike spearing. But these activities locally are only considered as warmups.

Years ago, when I was a temporary prisoner on Long Island and dreamed of a return to Trout Country, I thought of those hallowed winter nights that resemble Christmas cards with large jeweled flakes of snow falling softly on humble farm animals and peasant faces turned up in wonderment and looking not a little bit like my relatives. But reality is a different pudding. BRAAAOOWLLL is what we have, a transcription of what is called a "snowmobile safari." Safari is when a dozen or so machines strike out in the night cross-country for another tavern. Let's have it once more: BRAAAOOWLLL, as if a dozen burly chain saws were mating under a single tympanum cowl.

Oh, boy! I have been invited to go ice fishing by two of my friends, Richard Plamondon, who is a bartender, and Pat Paton, a carpenter, machinist and block layer. As I dress before dawn I feel somehow patriotic wearing Air Force-surplus

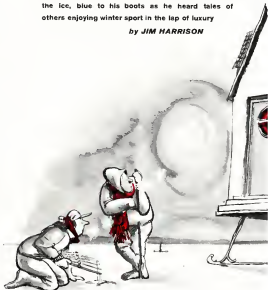
arctic balloon boots and bib overalls over trousers and thermal underwear and various sweaters and a goose-down vest and an outsized quilted coat from when I weighed 225 pounds. Eighteen articles of clothing in all, and when I got out of my car I could scarcely walk. I fell on the slippery ice with padded impunity, a big helpless doll of a trout slayer. The early-morning air was bluish with cold, and waddling along I thought of the promised steak to come in the afternoon and the whiskey I would use to wash it down. But first I was asked to spud some holes in the ice. One cannot

refuse. Chores are shared. Pat and Richard were organizing the chuggers and tip-ups, those crude rigs positioned above the hole. Everyone spuds his own hole, a rule of the Big Ice. I felt the spud was too heavy after only a few chops. I wanted the ice to be very thick for my safety but thin for the spudding. It became apparent we could have fished from the security of a railroad car. Over a foot thick and I was wheezing and steaming and my shoulders ached. I knew then why construction workers like the sport: they are able to spud the holes. Anyway, Richard tested the depth—170 feet.

TO EACH HIS OWN

Sadly, the author was one of those fishermen outside on the ice, blue to his boots as he heard tales of others enjoying winter sport in the lap of luxury

by JIM HARRISON



lot of dark down there. I peered in the hole and saw the reflection of a moon above, my own Richard set a tip-up for me and told me to spud another hole to bag in. I couldn't believe it. I thought, whatever happened to the tradition of the gun bearer who in this case might as well put to work. Or some sawed rusty gun might have been brought along for a putance. But I spudded on. Finally I attached a Swedish Pimple (surely the most elegant name for a bait) to a line, dropped it to the bottom, raised it up, and as instructed by Pat and Richard, who watched my motions critically,

and began chugging. Sort of ghostly. No question about it. I have become a chugger! A brutish act and it is so cold—except for my toasty feet in their big white warmonger boots.

Within an hour I had eaten both my sandwiches, roast beef with thick slices of onion, and had begun drinking my apple wine. After the second bottle I felt quite happy. I was probably cold but couldn't feel it. The ice had become a mattress against which I snuggled prone, still chugging. No nibbles. Then Richard's tip-up flag snapped, and we ran over to the hole. He let the spool

run freely for a minute to make sure the fish swallowed the minnow, somewhat similar to the way you hook a sail or a marlin. But not too similar. Pat conceded that the fish was large, as only a large fish made a long run. I watched the red plastic spool steadily unwind until Richard picked it up and lightly reeled the line. Then he began slowly to draw it in hand over hand as if he were retrieving an anchor or a used kite. I was jealous. Why didn't my flag go up? Richard was gaining steadily on the fish. He announced laconically that it wasn't large. We stood peering down the 12-inch hole until, shockingly, a trout popped out with the tail of a minnow sticking out of its mouth. Then, horrors! It flopped on the ice and gave off with a prolonged belch. I was deeply shocked.

"That pressure sure gets to them," said Pat sagely.

The point was that the fish had been pulled up precipitously from 170 feet, and the variance in pressure was explosive in a minor sense, somewhat like the gas released by a semi-impacted bucking bronc at a rodeo. The trout weighed about three pounds, good eating size. His eyes bulged and quivered in utter defeat, the ultimate tummy ache and bends. I went back to my chugging hole after breaking the thin ice that had gathered in the cold around my tip-up. I wanted to catch a fish and bring it home so that my daughter wouldn't peer over the top of her *Wonder Woman* comic and say, "You didn't catch any!" and my wife wouldn't ponder, "Did he go to a bar and play pool, or did he really go fishing?" To no avail did I chug, until I got tennis elbow. I grew bored and cold and began playfully throwing chunks of ice at Pat and Richard. They were not amused.

We finally quit by midafternoon and drove to a restaurant where the waitress giggled extravagantly over my balloon boots.

"Are your feet that big?" she asked. "I'm an American ice fisherman. Bring me drink," I shouted wittily. The jukebox was playing a merry polka.

When she brought the drinks she rolled her eyes again at my feet. I told her then that I was a veteran of many polar expeditions and had tracked the wily seal to his air-conditioned lair. Richard

continued

HILLS AND THRILLS





and Pat were sullen, as the pretty waitress wasn't interested in them but in my feet. Tuff, I said. So it goes, this sport of the North. It mostly for the hardy unemployed, those who dare thin ice with their snowmobiles and often plunge (three last year) to a gurgly death amidst the very fishes they sought with Pimples and corn borers, red worms and dead smelt (two for a quarter).

A few days later I got a call from Richard saying that a group of locals were going out the next morning and I could meet them on Route 22 about 300 yards south of Chervenka's Rug & Bung Works. Several hours late due to sloth and invented errands, I spotted them with my binoculars a mile or so out on the ice. But farther up the bay a Coast Guard icebreaker was leading in a tanker with a rather eerie succession of resounding crashes. It was like hearing a battle from a distance. The ships were well beyond the fishermen, but the ice looked a trifle soft. Definitely unsafe. Perhaps I would go home and treat myself to an extended nap.

I began to think of ice fishing in the old days. It is, after all, no modern invention. I have a Currier & Ives print of some Pilgrim types hauling fish from the ice. In the 1930s great cities of ice shanties were erected on large Northern lakes. Even electricity was available. Recently I was in Minnesota, a state that along with Wisconsin can readily be confused with Michigan, chauvinists notwithstanding. In St. Paul an old-timer told many yarns. He said that entire cottages especially built for the purpose on skids are pulled onto the ice by diesel tractors. From the comfort of kitchen, bedroom and living room, the fabled walleye is fished for. Imagine your

own living room with a big hole in the floor. You're lolling in an easy chair, fishing through the hole with a couple of lunger walleyes on the floor beside you. Maybe you have the TV on and Oscar Robertson is tossing a high feed to Kareem Abdul-Jabbar or Agnew is lacing into the naysayers or Nicklaus is grinning his Ohio grin on an 18th green somewhere. You will cook the walleyes for dinner. They taste better than any fish I've eaten, better than mountain cut-throat, Dover sole, swordfish, lake trout, or pompano. Perhaps Myrna in her tattersall negligee is bringing you a cold one or just plain mom is across the room knitting. It is asperative for obvious reasons to have your cottage dragged off the ice before it thaws. I might add that the walleye got its name from its particularly weird stare, but then you don't have to eat their eyes.

In my own old days, we knew one of these sybaritic pleasures. I suspect my father thought that if comfort were involved it wasn't sporting. So we would get up before dawn, drive out through the woods to a small lake where we summered, walk two miles through the snowdrifts along a log road and fish all day in the bitterest cold for a mess of bluegills and perch. Nothing sentimental here. It appeared fun because it was supposed to be fun. Kids are doggish, and if you say, "Come, kids, let's pick the dump," they will jump at the chance.

Earlier in January I sat with Richard for three days in his shanty on Lake Leelanau looking down through a hole in a foot-long, live sucker minnow dangling from a line. The shanty is kept totally dark. The hole in the ice for spearing is

usually about three feet square. The visibility is amazing—a window on the freshwater netherworld, which though the life doesn't compete with the multitudinous saltwater variety is nonetheless a lot better than staying home and waiting for winter to go away. Anyway, the sucker minnow was supposed to attract the great northern pike, Mister Big Teeth, as he is known in some quarters. When the imaginary pike drifted into our rectangle of vision for a sucker supper, the spear would be thrown at him. The spear was somewhat larger and certainly more cumbersome than the tang harpoons used off Gloucester and Block Island. Poor pike. But only one appeared in the three days and we were caught up-aware, and when Richard lunged with the spear the pike was driven against the bottom and squiggled out between the spear tines. So much for pike spearing, a pastime that is in danger of being outlawed.

But it was pleasant sitting there in the dark shanty, warm with a proper stove and copious supplies of food and drink. We would occasionally clug to perch with small minnows while we watched our decoy. In addition to the meat of the fish, perch roe lightly fried in butter is delicious. I suspect that if I healthy, too, though I have no evidence. But some I know who eat it are huge, trifle fat, in fact, and can drink 50 glasses of draft beer in an evening. It's new boring in an ice shanty. You talk idly while your head sweats and your feet freeze. There is all the husky camaraderie of the locker room. A sample: "Do you know that girl in Suttons Bay? You know the one I mean?"



"Yup."
"Well I would—"
"She's built like a rain barrel."
"Pass the wine."

I would like to make an elementary contention here about expediency and sport. In this locale winter begins in late October and runs unrelentingly until the end of March. My friends in warmer climes won't believe we had 16½ feet of snow last year. After a while you no longer believe there's any earth left under the snow. The ground is a fib. It was still possible to fish on the part of the bay nearest Traverse City in early April. In fact, a large school of young coho salmon running between two and three pounds was discovered in the shoal water near the power plant. A healthy adult with an interest in the outdoors had to do something during these five months. The snow was almost immediately too deep for rabbit hunting—the beagles floundered on their short legs. Even an instinctively arch and lazy whiner like myself doesn't want to spend the entire winter looking out the window dreaming of Cozumel and Belize. And you worry too much, a night when it is below zero and the wind off Lake Michigan is at 40 knots and the car is buried in snow and you count and time the weird thunks and squealings from the furnace that inevitably breaks down. The weather seems to lose its threat when you spend time out in it, and if you're not geared temperamentally to skiing or snowmobiling you're left with nothing to do but fish.

The true force behind ice fishing is that it is better than no fishing at all. *In extremis*, an addictive fisherman will shoot carp with bow and arrow, set up trotlines for carp and suckers, spear dogfish on Pig Trotter Creek, chum nurse sharks within rifle range. He will surround the crudest equipment with a mystique and ritual and will maintain to the uninitiated that there's no sport quite like fishing rainbows with bobber and marshmallows.

Ice fishing has its strenuous converts. Pat told me that a year ago in April, just before the ice broke up, he was chugging out on the bay when a Coast Guard helicopter came over low and motioned him off the ice. He stayed until he got three fish and the helicopter returned.



Then he noticed that the ice beneath his feet was sinking a bit. He grabbed his fish and ran, and the ice for a mile around began wavering and rippling and heaving. The groans made in this situation convince one that there are prehistoric monsters under the ice trying to get out. It is chilling.

One day I drove up along the water through Peshawbestown, a small enclave of Chippewa Indians who are much the worse for wear. Naturally at one time they owned all the land around here. Now there is little or no running water, few indoor toilets, a ghetto shabbiness if it weren't for the fact that there is space to roam. Most of them are kept busy in the winter cutting wood for their stoves. An unassisted shack can use an astounding amount of wood. I glassed a small cluster of fishermen about a mile out. In the tavern the night before someone had claimed he had taken 17 lake trout with a combined weight of over 100 pounds in just a few hours. This is well over the legal limit, but there is simply too much ice for the game warden to cover adequately. Concern is minimal, however, as the lake-trout population is approaching the vastness of earlier in

the century through concerted plantings, lamprey control and stringent, and perhaps unfair, regulation of commercial fishing.

I cut across the peninsula to Leland, a beautiful little harbor town. People here are upset over the Government acquiring 70,000 acres of local land for a National Seashore. Of only slightly less concern is Bill Carlson's attempt to regain some of the commercial fishing waters taken away by the Department of Natural Resources for sport fishing. An additional severe irritant is the state and federal DDT regulation. Lake trout and salmon of the Great Lakes have close to 10 parts to the million, which is above the legal allowable limit for selling. I eat all the fish anyway because I am young and fat and reckless and love the forms of danger connected with eating. I feel sad though when I watch the magnificent steelhead leaping against the dam in Leland: all subtly poisoned, though expensive equipment is needed to determine the fact. They still look like steelhead. The breakwater is mountainously covered with ice, but still some waves break over the ice pushed by our third gale of the season. Bill Carlson is a

continued

Superstitious?

In our most compulsive desire to make new friends we had decided to give away a whole truckload of **MACK THE KNIFE**—masterpieces of Vulcan's art. All home in kitchen, glove compartment or on a carrying trip, self-appointed experts have nominated versatile **MACK** "Knife Of The Year." But, alas, our generous impulse was thwarted by one of our superstitious super-semenans who effusively insisted that giving away a knife is very bad luck and in order not to kill an incipient friendship (and to ward off the evil eye) we should assess a token charge! Reluctantly giving in to this frogloyle we agreed to charge \$1 for "MACK," (although he lists for \$4.95 in our catalog) AND—that isn't all. For that same \$1 we'll also send you our **COLOR-FULL CATALOG—AND A \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE** (good for your first purchase) if you think this is an unusual offer you're right. Better take advantage of it before our accountant returns from vacation and reads us the Riot Act!

☐ I can't resist your amazing offer. Here is my \$1 bill. (No checks please, they drive our bankers mad!) Rush me "MACK"—THE MULTI-PURPOSE KNIFE (Slicer, Fish Scalder, Beer Can Opener, Rabbit Skinner, From-the-Jar Pickle Slicer, Fish Holder-Owner). **COLOR-FULL CATALOG AND \$2 GIFT CERTIFICATE.**

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CHILLS continued

fourth-generation fisherman. The nets around his shack remind me of Cape Ann. But far out beyond Cape Ann the swordfish are gobbling mercury below waves dotted, according to Thor Heyerdahl, with eraser-sized goblets of oil. And then above them a storm petrel or sooty shearwater or plain old heron gull wheels in ordinary gyres carrying a special freight of poison. There is a certain boredom in anger.

I was down on Good Harbor Bay when the ice was breaking up. The bay is about 10 miles wide and the equal of any tourist photo bay I know of. A few days before I had walked out two miles on the ice to see Richard and his father and Bruce Price. I followed Bruce's footprints, as he weighs nearly 300 and I wanted to feel safe. I stepped over a two-foot-wide crack and peeked for a moment down into the dark clear water. They hadn't had any luck. And Richard was mad. He had dropped a \$12 augur while spudding a hole, and there it would rest permanently 100 feet below us. I said that I had stepped over a crack, and they said the crack hadn't been there in the morning. But there was no offshore wind that would drive the ice out toward South Manitou Island. I felt edgy and got the creeps, as if Lon Chaney were under the bed turning into a man-wolf hybrid. I neatly up-toed back to the car, listening for any rumbles or giant sighs that would announce my death by cold water. **ROCK BROWNS** would be the headline in the local paper. Or probably **MAN BROWNS**, as there is a prevalent notion in the upper Midwest that poets are invariably "dead people."

I drove to the tavern in the evening, and Richard said he had called the Traverse City Chamber of Commerce and asked about a petition that would attempt to keep the oil freighters out of the harbor during the prime fishing months of February and March. An unnamed party suggested that the malcontents should be out looking for work. Bumpkin vigilante action was talked about—say a string of snowmobiles in a freighter's path. Count me out. The ice fisherman is low on the economic totem ratings for logical reasons. One can equip oneself for five bucks. And

ice fishermen aren't big spenders in the tourist operations. A \$5 frozen steak is for Detroiters.

I got up at five a.m. to go steelhead fishing, but my rod guides kept icing up and the line wouldn't move freely. A week before I had stood on the discouragingly thick ice and cast my fly, a mylar dace, and lost it to a flouting iceberg. Will real spring never come, I said to myself, echoing the poets of yore. I meditated on the difference between a fly rod and a chugging paddle, which resembles a fraternity paddle with no initials carved on it. Pulling a fish in hand over hand has an atavistic glee to it; the fish imparts directly to the senses his electric struggle far below. Meat on the table! The little woman will be right proud of her jolly though indigent hubby. Pull that luner out on the ice and cover him with snow to prevent the effects of dehydration in fish sunburn. I wandered around the creek estuary until I tore a foot-long hole in my waders. The water pouring in was horribly cold. I walked up the shore to an empty cabin and a thermometer on the porch read 24°. I built a small fire out of driftwood and warmed my foot, watching some buff-felheads circle above. From out in the bay, the birds were barely visible. I could hear the tremulous cry of two loons. I was frankly tired of cold weather and imagined that the loons were also tired of running into icebergs and the steelhead were tired of freezing in the cold water, their brains asleep to the spawning rain.

Oh for April, when the ice is gone and the snowdrift on the hill across the road shrinks daily. I will enjoy two weeks of steelhead fishing and then head for Key West. Fantasies of a record tarpon will be rare, though as unlikely as a record starlet. By that time I usually feel somewhat benign about the preposterous winter I have endured. A crocus perhaps has appeared in vulgar purple glory. I will avoid hammerheads and moray eels and rattlesnakes and other imagined dangers and go through more winters not unlike this where the depleted imagination narrows to a singular point. Fish. Anywhere and almost anytime. Even when trees split open from cold and the target is a bowling ball-sized hole in a lid of ice.

END

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The Quakers feel their oats

They had been called robots, zombies and, yes, plastic men long before Duane Thomas made the term fashionable. Their reputation was one of mechanical people—poker-faced, smartypants Ivy League kids to whom winning came easy, emotion meant a slight change of expression and their sport just another extracurricular activity for the yearbook.

Last season, after clinching their conference title, they turned the traditional, spontaneous net-cutting ceremony into an act of condescension by first climbing a ladder to clip the cords of one basket and then departing to let the custodian cut down the other. The Quakers of Penn., so the story went, were first in the Ivy League and last in the hearts of Philadelphia.

All that has changed. Already this year Corky Calhoun has shot a fist into the air against Navy. Phil Hankinson was caught actually grinning during a revenge victory over Villanova. And last week all of the Quakers were positively flummoyant as they ran up and down the Palestra floor in a resounding 62-59 triumph over Princeton.

There was a reason for the men of Penn suddenly turning into the human beings everyone suspected they were all along: the Princeton game was a must for them, an up-against-the-wall thing of the sort they had not experienced lately. They had gone along, compiling those 25-2 and 28-1 records and winning those 30 straight Ivy League games as if everything was a foregone conclusion. Then, about three weeks ago, they came up short on score as well as emotion when Princeton defeated them 69-56. The loss knocked the team into fourth place and

made—well, Pennsylvania men of them.

"We talked about this one and thought about it all week," said Calhoun. "It's a strange feeling—knowing we have to win."

Calhoun, the 6' 7" senior guard who is probably the best defensive player in college, has been criticized for his lack of fire, his unselfishness and his alleged inability to, as they say, "stick it from outside." The Princeton debacle, in which the Tigers' marvelous backcourt man Brian Taylor guarded Calhoun while scoring 17 points himself, demonstrated Calhoun's deficiencies. He took only four shots, made one, and generally seemed on leave from the offense.

A few days later first-year Coach Chuck Daly told Calhoun in front of the team, "For us to win the big games, you have to play—and play great." Calhoun decided to play greatly.

Penn's problems in the first Princeton game were not all of Calhoun's doing. The quick Tiger press had forced the Quakers into floor errors while two lightly regarded players, John Berger and Reg Bird, produced 30 points. For the rematch Daly considered a 3-2 zone defense to hinder the Tigers' back-door movement; offensively, he wanted Calhoun to "take the ball inside to their super—Taylor."

Princeton Coach Pete Carril had his own special troubles. His team had been in a bad way ever since the Penn victory. The Tigers were coming off losses to Fordham and Davidson and the team was flat, playing poor defense and not shooting well. But, said Carril, he had a plan: take Taylor off Calhoun and keep him out of foul danger.

As the shooting started in the Palestra, which is still sitting there in West Philly as college basketball's contribution to urban blight, the Penn cheerleaders rolled out a portentous banner and paraded it around the court. "Good luck, Princeton," it started in a sportsmanlike manner, "in the NIT." Ivy winners, of course, go to the NCAA.

The Tigers never did understand what hit them in the first 9½ minutes of the game. On offense Calhoun took the ball inside the first three times down the floor and scored. He made 10 points as Penn swept to an 18-4 lead and 14 points as the score reached 24-7. At the other end, far from playing zone, Calhoun was

again *mano a mano* with Taylor. All he did then was force the Princeton star into two traveling violations, a jump ball (which Calhoun won) and five poor shots. Also, he knocked the ball away from Taylor on a fast break and intercepted two of his passes.

Though Calhoun received defensive help at times, his wondrous early individual performance continued the rest of the way. From a 30-13 disadvantage, Taylor momentarily brought the Tigers back to 36-27 by scoring Princeton's last 14 points of the first half. But Hankinson and Bob Morse took over after halftime and put the Tigers out of the game for good by leading another Penn spurt of 15-6. Calhoun finished with 24 points. For the Tigers, Taylor had 23, but Bird and Berger together got just one basket.

"We were really psyched," said Daly after the game, "but I don't ever want to play Brian Taylor again." Well, he may have to. Penn and Princeton are now tied for the Ivy lead and a playoff seems inevitable if the two escape unscathed from Harvard and Dartmouth this weekend.

The Quaker players are unworried. In a playoff their biggest concern might be finding a custodian with a ladder and some scissors.

THE WEEK

by HAROLD PETERSON

SOUTH Maryland, ranked 18th, invaded fifth-ranked North Carolina. It was the first time heralded sophomore Tom McMillen had been in Chapel Hill since he decided not to go there for his freshman year. Preparing himself for the expected raucous nonwelcome in N.C.'s Carmichael Auditorium, McMillen said: "You've got to be oblivious of the crowd, even if there's an atomic holocaust." Teammate Len Elmore told him, "We're going to let you walk out there by yourself. Ain't nobody wants to stand next to you." All wasted. Chapel Hill down-psyched Maryland. When McMillen was introduced, he got a standing ovation. Then Bill Chamberlain took over. Giving away five inches, he fronted McMillen, baiting away passes and blocking two shots. At halftime McMillen was one for four and Maryland was

continued

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down 15. At the end, the best percentage-shooting team in the country was ahead of the second best 92-72.

Ernie (The Garbage) Fleming mumbled, "How can you get fed up for a game like this?" as Jacksonville toyed with little Seton 107-82. Then he thrashed high-ranked Florida State as Jacksonville won again, 84-82. But he did his real damage against St. Peter's: 59 points as the Dolphins won 132-100.

Virginia had the week off. It played John Hopkins and won 112-70. Southwestern Louisiana beat Trinity 90-67, but Los Angeles State upset the Ragin' Cajuns 99-88.

Against LSU, the shortest man ever to play for Adolph Rupp—5' 10" sophomore Ronnie Lyons—had another tall night. He bull-thiefed, dribbled and noodle-worked, passing set up an 80-71 win to keep Kentucky's SEC title hopes alive. Jim Andrews led UK with 27 points and Guard Sean Key had 22. Kentucky also garroted Vanderbilt 106-80 as Andrews scored 34 points, hitting 14 of 17 shots. "We frosted him, we played behind him, we doubled up on him," said Vandy's Roy Skinner. "No use." Rupp gave the crowd a thrill by putting in Safetyman Darryl Bishop, who had returned an intercepted pass for a touchdown on the last play of the game to beat Vanderbilt 14-7 on November. Bishop scored another six points.

"There just isn't such a thing as an easy game in the Southeastern Conference anymore," Ray Meers said after Tennessee eked out a 79-77 nail-biter over Alabama. The Volunteers were behind by nine points until 7-foot sophomore Len Kosmaliki hit nine baskets in the second half.

E. N. CAROLINA (10-3) 2. S. CAROLINA (10-3)

EAST Penn's victories and Princeton's two losses captured most attention in the East, but South Carolina, still predominantly a New York team, impressed its subway affluence with a thoroughgoing rout of Fordham in Madison Square Garden, 100-77. "I'd rather win here than any other place," Gamecock Coach Frank McGuire said. "This is where you make the news." Tom Riker, South Carolina's 6' 10" forward, still mending a broken bone in his shooting hand, scored a career high of 42 points. He missed only two of 11 shots in the first half and scored on all 10 in the second half. Fordham had previously beaten Army 81-71.

St. John's, reviving after days of travail, blitzed Dartmouth with its fast break, then added backboard control and a shot percentage of 59, a combination more than enough to guarantee the demise of the Indians, 109-66. The urban Redmen also battered Hofstra 72-64. Duquesne, winning again, jammed Xavier 65-37 with a neatly

balanced attack and, led by Ruben Montañez' 20 points, beat Army 69-62.

Villanova tucked away St. Bonaventure (which later squashed past Niagara 76-73) with an 87-72 victory as its phone-booth gym and sweet post DePaul 94-83, Temple lost to Syracuse 84-77 in overtime.

1. PENN (10-3) 2. PROVIDENCE (10-2)

MIDWEST UCLA and Marquette traded off playing Loyola and Notre Dame and the homegrown cannon fodder got stuffed, as expected, in all four games. Except that Marquette's big guns sometimes misfired. Despite the presence of Marquette's 6' 11" Jim Chones, Loyola consistently went inside to Larrar Martin, who contributed 10 points to the Ramblers' 38-31 halftime lead. Nat Hayes scored 17 in the same span and both players were equally effective in the second half. Agassie's end, Martin with 32 points and Hayes with 24 had all but 11 of Loyola's total; still, Marquette, applying more inside pressure as the game wore on, had the victory 69-67. Against Notre Dame, which two years before had dumped Marquette out of the NCAA regional and into the NIT with a double-overtime win, the Milwaukeeans also fell behind in the first half, this time by nine points. "Go back, go back, go back to the NIT," the gleeful Irish chanted. The way the Warriors responded, it seemed for a while that they might not even make it back home. Then they pulled themselves together in the first minutes of the second half and won 71-62. UCLA, on the other hand, imploded. Loyola 92-64 and, ignoring Notre Dame's deep and endless freeze, won its 31st consecutive victory easily 57-32.

At Chicago Stadium, Northern Illinois put its 11-game winning streak on the line against South Carolina. That proved a mistake. Tom Riker collected 34 points, and the Huskies just never did penetrate S.C.'s twilight zone until it was too late, hitting only eight shots out of 32 first-half attempts as they lost 83-72. Earlier, Northern Illinois dealt Central Michigan its worst defeat in eight years 93-64 and took Western Michigan 105-96.

Louisville set the stage for a rematch with Bradley by running down North Texas State 95-72 and wearing down deliberate St. Louis 77-59. Forewarned, the running Braves arrived in Louisville with a rare stall—it lasted 12 minutes—giving Card Coach Denny Crum and television men fits. With 14 seconds remaining, Bradley still was within two points of Louisville, but the Cardinals hung on for a 32-46 win, their 15th straight.

Illinois, which had shot only 37% in its last three games, wrecked Notre Dame 81-59 after Coach Harv Schmidt drilled the Illini for two straight weeks on shot ac-

lection and execution. Marshall's usually dangerous Thundering Hosi had trouble with surprising Morris Harvey, winning finally 78-68.

Missouri's Old Gold Tigers blew out Colorado 79-67, and Nebraska's Joe Cipriano demonstrated anew that not for nothing is he called Slippery Joe. His Cornhickers eased by Oklahoma State 64-63, but then were eased by Kansas 57-55 on Fred Bosakovic's layup at the buzzer.

High-scoring Oral Roberts outran Louisiana Tech, second-ranked college-division team, 109-104 and smashed Lamar 109-95.

1. MARQUETTE (10-0) 2. LOUISVILLE (10-1)

WEST After upsetting California last week and the University of San Francisco 69-65 this week, turned-around San Jose State came within two seconds of humiliating national power Long Beach. Guard Johnnie Skinner led the Spartans with 23 points and appeared the hero of the game until Long Beach's Ed Ratliff sank two free throws to snatch a 73-72 reprieve from disaster. Ratliff got 43 more points in the 49ers' next game, but they were 18 too few as Long Beach lost to Pacific 104-86.

USC fell on hard times. Visiting Providence got away with a 70-66 victory on Wednesday night as Ernie DiGregorio scored 27 points and Marvin Barnes got 21. Worse, the next night Seattle shocked the Trojans 65-64.

The only thing rocky about Brigham Young's road trip to Colorado State and Wyoming was the mountain range it had to cross. With Yugoslav Kosmir Covic, Canadian Phil Tolstrup and Finn Kalevi Sarkia-luhti smoothing the way, the Cougars climbed past CSU 75-68 and Wyoming 101-74.

Hawaii defeated Redlands 106-49 on Friday and 84-50 on Saturday. The excitement of the week came when sub Jim Wamstetter, the only Rainbow who had not yet scored, got his first point of the season.

Washington reached a 13-1 record, its best at this stage of the season since 1953, by beating Seattle 91-79 and Oregon State 86-73. Quick senior Guard Charles Dudley shot off OSU's Freddie Boyd with 11 points while scoring 19 himself. Steve Hawes added 22 and Louie Nelson 20. Against Seattle, Dudley scored 24 points while holding Gary Ladd to eight. This time Hawes scored 25 and Nelson 21. Meanwhile, Oregon upset Oregon State 72-70.

Texas-El Paso chopped up Arizona State 70-49, dominating the game so completely that ASU's high scorer was Dave Hullman with 10 points.

1. UCLA (10-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (10-2)

Lord, what have we done?

That's what the fusty British racing Establishment wondered when the government appointed a mover and shaker to bring new life to the sport

For 200 years racing in Britain has been run in the manner of a guards' regiment by an all-powerful Jockey Club. Its members, by tradition, have been horsemen. Most of them also have been very wealthy, and as generation succeeded generation, there developed a feeling among these aristocrats that the sport

perpetuated itself solely for their pleasure. The gentlemen of this rigid Establishment bred the best thoroughbreds, raised and raced them. Their runners were the finest to be found anywhere in the world, and castoffs from their stables were widely sought as prospective foundation studs on the Continent and in America. It mattered little to a Jockey Club member if the attendance at an English track was up or down. His relationship with his jockey and trainer was one of lord to servant. As for the English racing public and press, should they have the temerity to question the action or motive of the Establishment, the reply was a deafening silence. Too bad, laddie. Hard cheese, old boy.

Its stubborn complacency caught up with the Jockey Club in the last few decades. Attendance decreased sharply. Racetracks shut. The offspring of English stallions and mares sold abroad returned to trounce British-owned stock in the classic races, even in the Epsom Derby. Bookmakers made fortunes out of racing and were putting virtually nothing back into the sport.

Four years ago the British finally realized their once-glorious racing was no more. But even with that, Jockey Club members probably would not have bestirred themselves had not Lord George Wigg appeared on the racing scene. Late in 1967 Wigg (who earned his title—he began life as a farmer-soldier's son) received a political appointment to be chairman of the Horserace Betting Levy Board. His job in the Labor government was to shore up racing's sagging financial structure.

Wigg is a bear of a man. When he strides into a room, he seems to fill it. His long nose is not far behind a strong, welcoming right hand. His large ears loom like two full-blown spinnakers. A whirlwind follows Lord Wigg, a stormy fact that racing—and the Jockey Club, to its dismay—soon discovered. It was

immediately apparent Wigg would not be a do-nothing officeholder like his predecessor, Field Marshal Lord Harding, about whom someone wrote, "He was tolerated by the Establishment because he, like they, could talk on any subject for 20 minutes, at the conclusion of which you would wonder what on earth he had said."

Wigg had become nationally known in 1963 during the Christine Keeler affair. It was he who ferreted out many of the sordid facts of the case that were ultimately passed up to Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. "Nothing happens in Russia without reason," Wigg says, as he recalls the scandal that shook the British Cabinet. "I became suspicious of Evgeny Ivanov, the Russian captain, because he was acting atypically. He spoke impeccable English, drove fast, fancy cars, dressed well and played a fine game of bridge. After John Profumo, who was Secretary of State for War, resigned, I found myself basking in publicity that I didn't ask for or want." Wigg, at the time, had a position "relating to defense and security."

However, on taking the Levy Board job, Wigg discarded his low profile, realizing that publicity would be a useful tool. He made his entrance into racing spraying backshot at everyone in sight, including members of the Establishment, without whose cooperation he knew he could never achieve success.

Of the Jockey Club he said, "It resists everything and is made up of Establishment people who decide the answer and then look for a reason. They are honorary members of the Flat-Earth Society, with the sort of spirit that lost us the American colonies. If they had won, there would today be a royal enclosure at Aqueduct."

Of bookmakers he said, "They have no standard code of conduct between one another and toward their profession as a whole. They are not very intelligent. Neither was the dinosaur. The dinosaur got stuffed, and if they're not careful, so will the bookies."

He also berated jockeys: "Here are young men whose bodies are not as fully developed as the average male of the same age, probably because of lack of protein in their forebears. It is quite likely that if their bodies are not fully developed, then their I.Q.s will not be very high, either. They have developed the business of 'covering up' or disguising



WIGG, THREAT TO THEIR TRADITION

an attempt to lose into something close to an art."

Now, four years later, most Establishment members agree, though some with reluctance, that Wigg has brought fresh life to British racing. By the end of 1971 his Levy Board was extracting \$11 million a year from the bookmakers. And prize money in Britain had more than doubled to \$4.5 million. Many British race programs have added a seventh race and, largely for the benefit of television, starting times at courses holding cards on the same day have been staggered.

However, Wigg has not yet managed to whip two basic problems in English racing—the insanely low taxation rate on a wager and the bookmaker's traditional role. At 71, and with just nine months still left of his term in office, time may be running out. Nor will a successor with Wigg's power and persuasion be easy to find. Yet it is unlikely that the Conservative Party, now in office, will extend the appointment of Wigg, a Laborite.

The state-owned tote has always held an inferior spot in Britain. Bookmakers are paramount. They operate 15,000 betting shops in cities and towns and do business at the racetracks, too. Of the nearly \$3 billion bet on horse racing in England last year, over 90% of it was handled in the bookies' off-course shops. Of the rest, which was bet on-course, the tote handled only 32%. In other words, only 3% of the \$3 billion wagered went through the government-controlled tote machines.

The tote operates under tremendous handicaps, having to set up business at many scattered locations. There are 63 different racecourses in England, most of which operate only two- to five-day meetings. On Whitmonday, to take an extraordinary example, there are 31 race meetings, including point-to-points, running concurrently. Despite this splintered schedule, the tote must operate competitively with the bookmakers, who move about quickly with their satchels of money. Britain's is the only tote in the world that has to pay for the buildings it constructs on racecourses, maintain them, pay rent for the ground on which they stand and purchase admission for its staff. The last three items cost close to \$1 million a year.

"What we need is the centralization of racing if there is to be any hope of com-

peting with the betting shops," says tote representative Dudley Bartlett. "We should operate at some tracks for a long time. This would permit us to install more sophisticated equipment such as is used in the States. In France the tote has a complete monopoly, and in that lies its success. In Tokyo the Japanese Jockey Club owns the major tracks, the stables, many of the horses, the tote and the off-course betting shops. It amounts to a state monopoly of the industry. I remember on a visit to that country asking my host one morning what he estimated the attendance would be in the afternoon at a Tokyo track. He replied, '86,000 exactly.'"

"How do you know it will be exactly 86,000?" I inquired.

"Because at 86,000 we will close the gates. We don't want to use any more pari-mutuel clerks today." On some days when the Japanese don't close the gates the attendance goes over 160,000.

As a possible step toward centralization, Wigg's Levy Board has purchased three tracks—Epsom, Sandown and Kempton Park. At Sandown \$3.75 million is being spent to rebuild the grandstand, hardly the kind of investment that would be made for the two-day meetings the track now holds.

But cutting through the centuries-old British tradition of betting with one's bookmaker and cutting into the bookies' profits—to provide larger purses and finer racing facilities—has by and large stymied even Wigg. "We are a nation of gamblers," he says, jaw protruding with emphasis. "We have never pretended not to be. I don't want to suppress betting, but I want to control it through taxation. We simply must siphon off some revenue for racing's good."

To which a typical bookmaker, Charles Luyfield of the William Hill organization, replies, "Bookmakers are on the same team and are prepared to play under the captaincy of a Lord Harding or a Lord Wigg. But if the captain of any team makes it play three times a day, don't the team members become pretty exhausted?"

Balderdash, says horseman Tim Vigers. "The malaise of English racing is simple. The 6% tax that now comes out of a wager is ridiculous. In the U.S. and France the tax is around 15%. Some places in the U.S. the better is having as much as 17% taken out of his wagers, though that is gouging. But the Eng-

lish think 6% is too much. The British government could get \$250 million annually and give racing half of it if the sport were conducted with a 15% tax. As it is now the bookies are collaring the whole lot, and therefore a tote monopoly is the ultimate solution. Through Wigg's interest in the problem the government ultimately will recognize this, and then perhaps the law will be changed. If the law is not changed, maybe the only solution will be to stage a strike. France has funneled the money properly, and see what is happening there. England has 65 million people who bet—and the bookmakers take it all."

While officials of the tote believe England will eventually have a tote monopoly, the bookmakers probably would not be eliminated but operate as agents of the tote. Meanwhile, the Old Guard is standing pat. "There won't be a tote monopoly," says a Jockey Club senior steward, Major-General Sir Randle Feilden, "because our tradition says, 'I'd much rather defeat you as an individual than a machine.' That's just the way we are brought up."

The argument rages widely. Lord Wiloughby de Broke, president of the noted jump meeting at Cheltenham, declares, "I am not against Wigg, I am just against some of his ideas. But he is obviously right trying to get more money out of the bookmakers. In England we have 15,000 betting shops, compared to 4,000 tote shops in France. The turnover in England is three times what it is in France, and yet our receipts from racing are only one-sixth what they are in France. French prize money is four times what it is in England, and admission fees are a third of ours. Doesn't this show that our system of collecting money from betting makes no sense at all? One way would be to charge each betting shop so much per race per day, and you'd get millions more a year in no time at all."

So Wigg has convinced some Establishment members about some things. He remains, however, a politician of a party that they feel has no rightful place in racing. Many Jockey Club members resent the power he has been given, knowing he may use that power to do things contrary to their tradition.

Wigg has a mild retort for those who fault him. "Like others before me," he says, "I believe in respecting tradition. But I shall not be strangled by it." **END**

Getting a high over St. Paul

Balloonists had a lark, soaring in their acid-faced candy drops

To most athletes the essence of sport is control—of oneself or of the ball, of a team, a horse, a sail, or perhaps of some motor vehicle bent on the destruction of its driver. Yet there is one sport in which the whole point is to drift, lonely as Wordsworth's cloud, gone with Cynara's wind-flung roses, toward whatever alien goal fate or nature might ordain. Last week in St. Paul 10 of America's top balloonists—not really that unimpressive a number since there are only about 150 of the breed in the entire land—drifted gracefully down a winter's morning in the wake of a big red bubble that bore the word Lark. By the time they landed in the snowdrifts of a cornfield after 40 minutes of seemingly aimless flight through sub-zero, sparkling air, they had covered a scant 11 miles, spooked all the horses, pigs and moo cows within sound of their burners and struck another high, untingly blow for the forces of uncontrol.

The occasion was the 11th running of the "nation's oldest hot-air balloon race," which this year was subtitled the Lark Hare and Hound Championship. The upper Middle West is great ballooning country, particularly in midwinter when the air is cold and stable. Some of the spectators at the St. Paul Winter Carnival, of which the hot-air race was a part, insisted that Hubert Humphrey and Spiro Agnew would be on hand to fill the balloons. Not so. The cigarette company sponsoring the race is too clever to get caught up in partisan politics regardless of the verbal BTUs those candidates might generate.

Instead, St. Paul was infested during race week with hordes of snowmobile freaks (awaiting the outcome of the 500-mile snow Indy from Winnipeg to the

Twin Cities), of ice-racing freaks (watching the 100-mile sports car event on the slick surface of Lake Phalen), along with bridge players, speed skaters, broomball enthusiasts, snookers, mushers with sled dogs, archers, slow-pitch softball experts, coin-tossers, tospots, chess players and majorettes—every one of them seeking that last twist of control that results in "championship." The majorettes were the most visible of the lot—and in a way the most frightening. Not one of them wasn't cute, curvaceous and cunning; not one wasn't driven by a keen-eyed mother who had once been the same. "Why are they having that silly balloon race?" asked one of the lovely Lolitas, tugging at a hair curler. "You're right, Beautine," answered her mother. "No one can twirl a baton at 2,000 feet."

Through it all and well above the reach of mere batons, the balloonists floated with the elegant altitude of their kind, awaiting that splendid but silent moment when their tethers would be released. "This carnival bunk doesn't bother us," said Bob Walgunda the night before the race. "Balloonists often have egos as inflated as what they're flying." Walgunda ought to know: his very name sounds like a balloon expanding. The 26-year-old "playboy-adventurer" from Springfield, Mass. is the most renowned aerostatic aviator in America (he flew a balloon through the Grand Canyon as part of a television spectacular) and one of the most successful licensed commercial balloonists. A husky blond semi-athlete who wrestles and runs long distance in AAU events when he is not scuba diving, racing trail bikes or going up in one of his six balloons, Walgunda served as the hare in St. Paul. "I'll take off 10 minutes ahead of the others in the Lark balloon," he explained, "and drift with the winds, changing altitude from time to time. That'll put the hounds off the track. If they don't emulate my flight profile—my ups and downs—they can't hope to land very close to me. The hound that lands the closest is the winner. But everyone who flies a balloon is a winner just by flying one. I read a lot—Jules Verne and psychology, things like that—and I've always wanted to drift through the sky with the clouds. To me the balloon is the universal symbol of happiness and

joy [he blushed a bit as he said that] because it gives you solitude and oneness. Like, mankind is on the moon, right? And here we are flying the original thing that was built in 1783."

Last year's St. Paul race had resulted in what one Balloon Federation of America official called "a fiasco." The hare balloon had been ripped asunder by a miscreant hound; cars had suffered broken windshields from the baskets of low-flying aeronauts; even the houses of the city proved unsafe from aerial assault. This year control seemed to be in control. The FAA was on the scene declaring that three of the balloons, still classed as experimental, could not fly over populated areas. The aeronauts seemed faced with choosing a new launch site in the cornfields out of town or scrubbing the three avant-gardists (an unacceptable solution among such free spirits). The weatherman settled the matter with a rare stroke of prescience.

When the balloonists gathered at Holman Field just as dawn was breaking, an insidious stink covered the city "Inversion," sniffed Don Kersten, a craggy aeronaut from Fort Dodge, Iowa. "This city pumps more crud into its air than any town east of Los Angeles." But as Kersten pointed out, the inversion made for ideal launch conditions: still air, over-ridden by strong layers of wind blowing to the east and south. These were precisely the directions the balloonists had hoped for: no populated areas out there. "Let's launch and be done with it," said Walgunda. Kersten, judge of the race, agreed.

While half a dozen FAA agents circulated among the crowd, looking for more experiments to control, the balloonists got into their bags. Fans whirled, driving air into the 70-foot-tall nylon envelopes. Ice crackled as it split from the surfaces where it had formed in the 16° below temperature. Then the roar of the propane flamethrowers—guilt double-barreled Bunsen burners—obliterated any concept of control. In the north the skyscrapers of the city loomed through a fine mauve mist compounded of snow and exhaust. Men raced around in long beards and Red Baron helmets. The balloons filled and growled and stood upright. A girl photographer in a scarlet snowmobile suit went through go-go gyrations

trying to get the proper angle. "There's nothing quite like ballooning," said Waligunda as he checked his ballast, one eye on the girl.

The launch went without fault, first the hare rising so easily into the heavy air that the earth seemed to drop away into CinemaScope, and the other balloons following like so many acid-faced candy drops. From below came the thin yelping of dogs, the whining of traffic, the growls of hungover fathers begging for coffee. "See what I mean about solitude," Waligunda said. "It's almost a Godlike condition. Being up above it all, you can see what it means. Nobody ever dropped a sneer from a balloon."

Despite the cold, it was Florida in a wicker basket. Balloons ride with the wind, hence encounter no drafts, and their passengers are as warm as they dress. The crisp yellow burst of the gas burner two or three times a minute also throws heat into the gondola. A big jet, a 747, swung out of the haze obscuring St. Paul and wheeled up alongside the hare. "Think of all those people in there watching us," exulted Waligunda. "They must think we're freezing, but they're probably more uncomfortable than we are." The other balloons were scattered behind, some taking a high route to benefit from the winds aloft, others carefully tracking Waligunda's sine curve of a course. "I could make it much more difficult for them," he said. "I could drop down into the north wind, then add heat to get into the west wind; I could cut my maneuvering vents now and then, and really turn them around. If there were clouds, we could use them for cover, hide behind them by dropping and using the lower air currents. You have to know the sky to fly a balloon, and you have to know what the ground is telling you. Flaps mean something up here, so do fires." Instead of working tricks on his pursuers, Waligunda outflew some of the foxes by flying a short, straight course. The presupposition of his fellow balloonists, who know Waligunda for a wily guy, led them into courses too high or too fast to permit them landing near his balloon.

Descending over a hedge of power lines—"our worst enemy," Waligunda explained—he vented the balloon toward a cornfield just short of a ridge with an-



PHOGG WAS THIRD IN LINE AS THE COMPETITORS WAITED TO BE UP, UP AND AWAY

other line of wires two miles ahead. As the balloon descended, a farm loomed up, its yellow house and stained red barn growing from toys to danger in a moment. The roar of Waligunda's burners sent shaggy, winter-coated horses pounding across a corral. A rooster crowed defiance, and a woman appeared in the kitchen doorway, wringing dough from her hands into her apron. "Look at the flour on her hands," said Waligunda's passenger as they cleared the farm. "Hold onto your hat," said Waligunda. His skid-out after touchdown measured a mere 20 yards.

The hounds quickly followed with a bellow of fire. Closest to Waligunda's mark was Dennis E. Floden of Flint, Mich., just 34 yards away from the hare. An All-America freestyle swimmer at the University of Michigan, Floden—Captain Phogg, he is called—is now 32 and a life-insurance salesman, as well as the current national champion hot-air balloonist (he won the title last summer at

Indianola, Iowa). "I've always been a bit of a loner, just us all of us are," he said, cracking icicles off his mustache. "During the Labor Day weekend last year I raced in a balloon event at Columbus, Ohio. One of my passengers was Charles Dollfus, the eminent French aeronaut of antiquity. I mean, this guy had flown them all, up to and including the Graf Zeppelin. To me, he became the meaning of our sport. Here was this gentle, somewhat bent old man coming across a meadow with a walking stick in one hand and a little sack in the other. He looked up at me when he got to the balloon. 'I fly with you?' he said. 'I fly with you, Captain?' I told him yes, of course. Then he opened up the sack and took out his own altimeter. And after that he took out the French tricolor. And then he climbed into the basket, slow and kind of creaky but under his own control."

And out of control as well, as the best of balloonists always are. **END**

If you've got no money, try diploma power

Although little Adelphi can offer only three track scholarships, its mile-relay team has broken the world indoor record twice in three weeks

If you should take one step into the tiny Adelphi University gym and someone should grab you and hold you back, don't fight it. You are being saved from a high-speed collision with a member of the world's best indoor mile-relay team, who will momentarily whip past within an inch of your nose as he threads his way through basketballers, gymnasts and dance majors. You might also watch your step in the hallways of Adelphi's business building, where the track team has also been known to work out.

Adelphi is a privately financed, scantily endowed, mostly liberal-arts school in Garden City, N.Y. It has 3,400 full-time day students, including Clyde McPherson, Dennis Walker, Keith Davis and Larry Ross, who hold the world indoor mile-relay record for an 11-lap

track: 3:12.2. What it does not have is much in the way of a track facility.

Last Friday Adelphi handsily won the mile relay in the Millrose Games at Madison Square Garden, with Kerry Streets and Ray Lee running in place of Davis and Ross. For the first time in three weeks Adelphi failed to break the world record. For one, the track was slower; for another, so are Streets and Lee. Streets has a 49.3 indoor leg to his credit while Lee has a 49.8 lead-off split. By comparison, McPherson, the anchor man, has run a 47.2 (and a 46.2 personal best out of the blocks outdoors), Walker a 47.5 leg, Davis a 49.2 and Ross a 47.9.

All this at a school that can afford to offer only three track scholarships, and those merely covering tuition. At a

school whose track coach was previously rifle and handball coach at Jamaica High School in Queens. At a school whose best winter workout track is an asphalt oval owned by an adjoining private high school, which insists that Adelphi runners stay off the inside lane lest they wear it out. At a school which people persist in pronouncing "Adelpha."

The explanation lies in Coach Ron Bazil's extraordinary recruiting approach and in his follow-through. Bazil, 34, is dapper, ebullient and, like his top six quarter-milers, black. When he came to Adelphi six years ago he set out to develop a mile-relay team, figuring that this event would attract the most attention and provide the nucleus of a top track team. (So far, only the nucleus exists. Adelphi can't cover enough events to win a dual meet.) Bazil was starting from scratch, but he knew he could provide black kids with the most valuable thing he got out of running the sprints at Springfield College: "That piece of paper," as he puts it.

Walker, now a junior, recalls that when he was recruited, he "didn't know what Adelphi was. I was thinking big, about big schools. But there was Bazil at my house. He says, 'At Adelphi, you will get your diploma.'"

"I thought, 'Get my diploma! This is a live cat.' I thought he was going to offer me a free ride, and he's offering me a diploma!"

But Walker's parents knew what Bazil was offering. If you ask an Adelphi runner why he elected to go there, he is likely to say, "Mr. B. convinced my mother." If you ask Bazil what he tells prospects' mothers, he says, "I tell 'em I'm going to take care of their boys. I tell 'em their boys are going to get that diploma. Because they know that with that piece of paper the boys can be making as much as 21 as they are now."

Bazil says there is no problem finding track talent in the New York area and nearby. McPherson is from Brooklyn, Walker and Lee from Queens, Davis and Ross from Jersey City and Streets from Philadelphia. Bazil concentrates on prospects who can make it academically, and then assures their parents that he will see to it that they do make it.

No coach at Adelphi earns more than \$3,000 for coaching, which means that each of them must hold down more than one job. Bazil's primary position is that of associate dean of students, so he has



COACH RON BAZIL AND RECORD BREAKERS DAVIS, ROSS, WALKER AND McPHERSON

educational as well as coaching inclinations. When his trackmen have to write a paper or catch up in a course, he always excuses them from practice. He keeps tabs on their work. "And once," he says, "I hit one of the biggest members of the team in the chest with my fist when he didn't go to class."

As for campus affairs, Bazil says he tells his runners that, "It doesn't behoove them, as men, to sit on the fringes and be parasitic." McPherson is chairman of the executive board of Adelphi's Black Student Union, and Walker is treasurer. McPherson was president of the Adelphi Athletic Association. Last spring, when a faculty committee was considering abolishing intercollegiate sports in view of Adelphi's economic straits, McPherson appeared before the committee in sweat pants, T shirt and track shoes to say, "If you have a family and you don't have enough food to feed the family, you don't throw out one of the kids and then say you have enough food."

McPherson also makes some of his own clothes. "People say that makes me a 'seamster,'" he says. "Whatever happened to the word 'tailor?'" He is a sociology major, with a 3.2 average. Walker has a 2.9 average as a history major. They both want to go to law school. Each member of the team is moving steadily toward a degree.

Three years ago Adelphi had trouble getting into big meets. Now it is sought after. The only problem the mile-relay runners are likely to have during the rest of the indoor season is living up to the expectations they raised by lowering the record from 3:14.1 to 3:13.7 on Jan. 14 and 3:12.2 on Jan. 21.

In last year's NCAA outdoor championships, the Adelphi mile-relay team finished second to UCLA—paced by John Smith, the world-record holder (44.5) in the 440, and Wayne Collett—and might conceivably have won had it not been inhibited by the incongruity of it all.

"I came up behind John Smith," says Walker, "and I thought, 'This is John Smith!' Then he gave me a look and he had me. But that was enough to show me they can be beat. I used to think of runners like that as being up there and I'm down here. Now I know we're all just runners."

Whether they work out in the L.A. sun or in the Adelphi business building. **END**

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Jerry West has scored almost 30,000 points. If in five games he had got 10 more he would have won one NCAA and four NBA titles. But that is all he has missed. He's had the life, the glory, the laughs and it's been

A Teddy Bear's Picnic

by FRANK DEFORD

Two rewarding moments: getting MVP trophy from Commissioner Kennedy after 1972 All-Star Game, being fêted (inset) with family on Jerry West Night.





CONTINUED

In Los Angeles last March 19 it was Jerry West Night, and The Forum was packed. The place was bathed in an excess of emotion because a couple of weeks before West had torn the ligaments in his right knee, and he was still on crutches. He stood there with wife Jane and the three boys.

Bill Russell waited in the wings while others made their speeches. He was not listed on the program. West did not know he was there. Two months before, Jim Brochia, then the Laker P.R. man, had thought to ask Russell if he might attend. "I'll be there," Russell said, and he paid his own way to fly across the country. When he was announced and strode out toward West, the people rose in delight and cheered.

Russell walked up to West and hugged him. Many people were beginning to cry even before he spoke.

Then Russell picked up the microphone, and the place fell silent. He said: "Jerry, I once wrote that success is a journey, and that the greatest honor a man can have is the respect and friendship of his peers. You have that more than any man I know."

"Jerry, you are, in every sense of the word, truly a champion." He paused, and The Forum was utterly still. Russell looked at West and said: "If I could have one wish granted, it would be that you would always be happy."

Of all the sports stars of our time, West is the most appealing. In his victories, which come often, he is reliable and accessible and humble. In his defeats, which are not many (except that one of them each year lasts all summer long), he is never tragic, only vulnerable. In his life, he appears as he is, quite human.

West was so far outstripped even the wildest dreams of his boyhood that he is no longer capable of comprehending what he represents to others. For himself, any appreciation of his own status is blurred because he is, pound for pound, a better sports fan than he is a sports star. He marvels so guiltlessly at the Jerry West of the basketball record books that he has developed a faculty for referring to himself in the second person except in moments of doubt or self-deprecation. For instance:

"All this really is not supposed to be

happening to you. You know, I'm still kind of uncomfortable that someone wants your autograph. When I sign, I look around to see if anybody I know is watching me. . . . You watch some of these games on television, and you just wonder how in the world some of these players can do the things they do. I'm telling you, I think I look awful on TV. I would love to be more exciting as a player, to be someone like [Joe] Caldwell or [Rick] Barry or [Dick] Barnett, but I've just never been a press agent's dream. . . . I'm really anxious to see these new kids come in every year, the ones I've read so much about. Of course, it kind of shakes you up when one of them tells you that you've been their idol since they were in 10th grade or something."

As gee whiz as that sort of thing sounds, West is perfectly aware of how good he is and how much he is worth. It is just that he is surprised that it is him. There have been occasions in the heart of a season, when he has been healthy and in top shape, when he has been jumping straight up, with every move in rhythm and every shot sprinkled with touch, that West has confided to friends: "I don't believe I can miss a shot out there now. I think I can score every time I get the ball." He makes these remarks idly, with as much bravado as someone else might employ in reporting that he had mastered the operation of an electric can opener.

Yet all the achievement, all the glory has been strangely, even pathetically, transcended by the few calamities that West has suffered. The distillation of his career is defeat and frustration. If everything he has meant to the Lakers and every wound and pressure that has been visited on him could be telescoped into one game, it would be the one he played the night of May 5, 1969, the seventh game of the sixth championship series between Boston and Los Angeles.

Boston had straggled in fourth in its division. Los Angeles had won its easily. The Lakers took the first two games from the Celtics and would have wrapped up the series in five except that Sam Jones made one mad shot at the buzzer. Also, West pulled a hamstring. For the seventh and last game he had to be helped down the stairs beforehand, a man supporting him on either side.

That night, on one leg, he scored 42 points, and had 12 assists, and Boston won by a basket. The Lakers seemed totally defeated when Wilt Chamberlain went to the bench in the fourth quarter with an injury and the team down by nine. West brought them back. His teammates would give him the ball and run the other way. It was his ball and his game on his one leg, and he just missed it by two points. He went off by himself, near tears, and then the Celtics came over to honor him. That time Russell could only clasp West's hand and hold it. Then John Havlicek came to him. He said, "Jerry, I love you."

What makes West so appealing is that his frailties are not his fault. They are imposed on him by an arbitrary, even unfair, world. It is recognized that he is the consummate athlete: not only dedicated and proficient, but at his very best when the stakes are highest. Besides, personally he is attractive: friendly, unassuming, gentle, loyal, popular and so forth and so on.

This is all to say that we are inclined to identify with him. But what especially draws us to him is that he is all these things and still loses and gets hurt at the wrong times. That is the real test of identity; he really is you and me. For in our world, although we like to believe that we are veritable saints, deserv-ing of the very best, our dishwasher breaks down, the neighbor's children are better looking, there is water in the cellar and our best friend gets promoted. It is a special comfort to know that Jerry West is just as put upon as we are.

West appears all the more sympathetically when compared to the dominant figures in modern sport. There is Russell, of course, throttling every best of fence; and all those strong-arm pitchers, knocking the bats out of the poor hitters' hands; and the bruising behemoths, a lineage from Bingaman to Big Daddy to Bubba, clobbering the pretty-boy quarterbacks. Ultimately, nowadays, the crucial characters are defensive or, from a blunter point of view, negative. It is no time, really, for Frank Merriwells.

All told, he has scored almost 30,000 points. If in five particular games he had scored 10 more points he would have won one NCAA and four NBA championships. As it is, he is 0-8 in the

finals, and five of those times it came down to one game, winner take all. In the history of sports, there has never been anything like it, except for Elgin Baylor, who suffered alongside West until his retirement early this season.

"People constantly keep reminding you," West says. "It's getting to be almost a touchy subject with me. You see, they never grant you that you got so far, that you won all the others that counted just to get to the championships. Sometimes I've thought about all the baseball players who never even made a World Series."

He lets the subject die with that, which is further comment in itself, for West loves to talk, to chatter on. Baylor tabbed him "Louella." He also called West "Twenty Bird" for his West Virginia twang, which is never so pronounced as when he gets excited with some hot new gossip. "Rumors are safe with you, Twenty Bird," Baylor told him once. "You pass them on, but nobody can understand you."

By contrast, as a collegian, West was so shy and silent that Fred Schaus, the Laker general manager who coached him at the University of West Virginia, recalls one two-week period in West's sophomore year, when, evidently, he never let one word escape his lips. Jody Gardner, a teammate who roomed with West, says that his presence was never felt—if not sleeping, he was mute and withdrawn, even among his closest friends. West did not have a date his entire freshman year.

The next year he sat next to a girl named Martha Jane Kane in one class. He was to marry her two years later, but it was weeks, she says, "of passing notes back and forth and doodling on each other's paper" before he first asked her out. Then he clammed up the whole time he was with her, although she does say that he had sufficient wits about him to kiss her good night.

All of this is significant because it is fashionable, almost obligatory, to dwell on the little homely about how Jerry West has not changed one whit. No sirree, he's the same boy that left good old Cabin Creek for Morgantown in '56. It is revealing of our treasured illusions how determined people are to be reassured of that verity: *Jerry West*



West drives on Bill Russell in 1969 championship series, a scene emblematic of the decade.

hasn't really changed, has he? Really?

Just as everyone is drawn to West for his vulnerability, so too do they identify with him for his success. Along with the fame and fortune that come with the Great American Dream is the understanding that the dreamer Remembers Where He Came From. It is not ratified as an all-round Great American Dream if the hero becomes snotty as well as prosperous.

In the case of West, people are concerned with his Dream credentials because he is such a model study. Like so many, he has gone from the country to the suburbs, from flattop to neatly combed brush. Even the name, Jerry West, has about it the ripple of amber waves of grain. Besides, while no glamour puss, he is very definitely what mothers used to call "nice looking." And, at a lean 6' 3", he is no goon—even a little fellow on the court.

Finally, West is one of the few white superstars left in a game that millions of white men play as children and watch, enviously, as adults. "Surely, you realize, Jerry," Russell cackled once, stepping back from a jump ball at an All-Star Game and taking note of eight other black players, "that you are the great white hope?"

So, in just about every way—ethnically, physically, demographically, racially, financially—West is cut in the American mold. The comforting fact is, too, that West basically has not changed. Really. The incumbent West, the jabberer, is much more in keeping with the rest of the man than was the original quiet version. Since the rest of West never stops moving, there is no reason to expect his mouth to.

"He is a very complicated, wound-up spring, a bundle of nerves," Fred Schaus says. "He is so high-strung that

continued

Jerry West *continued*

in all the time I have known Jerry, I have never once seen him fully relaxed."

"He's one of the more nervous people you've ever seen in your life," says Bob Cousy, the Cincinnati coach. "He can eat faster than anyone I've ever known."

"You go out with Jerry, you hit eight places every five minutes," says Rod Hundley, a former Laker teammate and another West Virginian. "He comes in a place, takes a sip of beer, looks around, and says, 'Come on, let's go someplace else.'"

Says Jane West: "He's so antsy, he's always on the go. If you tried to keep up with him you'd be going all the time, seven days and seven nights a week. When we belonged to a beach club, Jerry couldn't sit long enough to enjoy it. Here we are right near the ocean, and he can't stand it. He plays golf, and I take the boys to the beach. That may sound peculiar, but togetherness in the traditional way

just hasn't worked for us. I've reached the point where it doesn't bother me."

Probably West was once so quiet because he just was not used to talking. Naturally shy, he came from a small town, and from a family in which his nearest brother (who was killed in Korea) was almost 10 years his senior. West begins his autobiography with this sentence: "I think I became a basketball player because it is a game a boy can play by himself." He would shoot for hours in his yard, in the cold and the twilight, then listen in bed to the West Virginia Mountaineer radio broadcasts. Matter-of-factly, he dismisses the chance that any of his three sons might ever be much good at basketball, because he sees that none of them cares enough to shoot and dribble, alone, into the night.

That does not bother West. He concedes that had he grown up off Sunset Boulevard, with his own pool and a country club, he would not have shot so many

baskets either. "I know he never got many presents as a boy," Jane says. "A gun. One time he was given a gun. I think he got to college with two pairs of pants and one sports jacket. He would rather his boys have too much than too little. He got them a Honda 50 a little while ago just because it was something that he would have liked to have had as a boy."

Yet the Zeke-from-Cabin Creek hill-billy image that has pursued West ever since he came to Los Angeles is wildly distorted. The legend, embellished by time and distance, and by the same kind of smogbound rustic yearning that also gave us *Hee Haw*, portrays West as dirt poor, a miner's barefoot son who shot baskets by what moonlight could peek around the mountains and over the still and the outhouse.

This has embarrassed West, if only because he thinks it is unfair to his parents, who always had enough food, heat and clothes in the house. "It was a good house," says Fred Schaus, who spent many hours there, sitting on the front-porch swing, trying to convince Jerry and his mother that he should enroll at Morgantown. "It wasn't pretentious, but it was neat and clean and large enough. It was a two-story white frame."

The Wests' house was not even in Cabin Creek. That was a post office down the road. The Wests lived in Cheylen, which doesn't rhyme with anything and is only 14 miles from Charleston. West was probably closer to downtown Charleston than his house is to downtown Los Angeles today. His father was an electrician, not a miner, and young Jerry was not taught the three Rs in a little red schoolhouse. He went to East Bank High, which was a large regional school that played basketball in the toughest conference in the state.

For reasons that are not clear except that he was so skinny, and that the same pattern repeats itself at each new level he ascends to, nobody appreciated how good West was for some time. Then the coaches started coming round, embarrassing him with their backslapping hokey and occasionally shocking him with flat-out offers that exceeded what his father was making in a year.

Jerry's father died several years ago, and the house has burned down too. Mrs. West still lives in West Virginia, though. She came out to visit the Wests in their beautiful new home a little while

Enacting his dream, Wests leave Forum after Jerry wins title in final game of career.



ago, but she did not stay long. The Wests have a maid. "Mother couldn't clean the house," Jerry says. "She was going out of her mind."

The West house in Brentwood is done in Spanish décor. It is large and spacious with a sunken bathtub and a walk-in closet. Pets are more visible than trophies. In the corner of the living room are pictures of Jerry West Night and of the day last fall that he received an honorary degree from West Virginia Wesleyan. No jump shots. Each of the three boys—aged 11, 10, nine, which is what can happen if a wife is determined to have a daughter—has a room of his own, although they share them with thousands of bubble-gum cards.

"They come to me," West says, "and they show me a card and say, do you know this player. And if I say I do, they get all wild-eyed. But they're not very excited about me. Maybe in another player's house I'm very big. They get a certain excitement at the games, but I really don't know if they go for the game or the popcorn. Ah, they're front-runners. We're raising them just to be regular fans, I suppose."

Jane came from more substantial circumstances than Jerry. Her father ran a hardware store in Weston, Va., and was not impressed by athletes. Jane was extroverted and sure of herself. "Everything had always come true, just the way I wanted it to be," she says. She is bright-eyed, auburn-haired, perky pretty, almost a foot shorter than her husband. She is also quick and determined, quite comfortable and adept at being both Jane West and Mrs. Jerry West. She is organized and outgoing and, like her husband, marked by self-perspective. Perhaps, despite all their differences, that was what brought them together.

"Really, I had everything I wanted," she says. "A big happy family. Good grades, cheerleader, May Queen, all that. I was always a very optimistic person. I always thought I was going to marry Prince Charming. I was always sure of that."

Long after the Wests could afford the large home they have now, they stayed in a small, average sort of development house in West L.A. Jane's Lincoln Continental would be parked out on the street next to all the Mustangs and Furies. The reason the Wests did not move was that they liked the people in the neighborhood. When Jerry first came to

Los Angeles he stayed almost exclusively in the community he lived in because he was afraid to venture out on the freeways, and, while he certainly knows his way around now, he still lives large chunks of a small-town existence. His favorite hangout is a drugstore near UCLA where he goes to kibitz about sports. He takes Jane over there for lunch sometimes, and they eat sandwiches while sitting on orange crates in the back room. Once a year, for a week or two, he goes fishing with Hollis Johnson, who runs the lunch counter.

Jerry goes to the hockey games, the football games and the baseball games. He can tell all the players without a scorecard and is equally conversant when it comes to a discussion of field position, back-checking or farm-system prospects. West has even done blow-by-blow boxing accounts on TV, and the fights may be his favorite event of all since he can usually attend them without anybody bothering him. The paying customers are Chicanos and don't know Jerry West from Gump Worsley from Birch Bayh.

Jerry West, the fan, will apparently be the only one that will survive in sports. He professes virtually no interest in becoming a coach or an announcer, which is contrary to what is generally assumed. Perhaps playing with such passion for so long has consumed too much of him. Even now, he no longer brings the game home with him, except for that one last time each spring.

Once, after the Lakers had lost the championship game again, he said good-bye to Jane and faded off to Palm Springs for a few days. Another year, beaten in the last game once more, he drove her away from The Forum in total silence, like in the old days, when he never said a word. Jane began to talk a lot on the way, trying to divert him. He didn't reply until they got to their driveway. Then he turned and looked at her. "O.K., get out," he said.

Jane opened the door and left. He drove off and was gone for half an hour or so. "Jerry doesn't like to have anyone see him cry," Jane says. "When he came back, we had a big thing about, you know, me sharing the wins, me having to share the losses too, that sort of thing. My God, I tried to tell him, not just: 'O.K., get out.' Not just that. I was killed by that. Just killed."

The last two years, after the loss to

the Knicks and after his knee operation, West nearly retired. After this season, win or lose, he almost surely will.

Besides never having won a title, West has never been voted MVP. Centers invariably win the honor, so presumably the players will choose between Chamberlain and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar this year. Nonetheless, there has been a ground swell for West the last few seasons, so that now he is often accepted as the equal, or the superior, of Oscar Robertson as the finest guard of all time. Probably it is a senseless argument, for although they were born six months apart in 1938 and have had parallel careers, they have been asked to perform such different functions for such different teams that no comparison is possible.

In terms of total contribution, West may well be playing better now than he or any guard ever has. "When you really learn to play the game," West says, "you're past your peak." For sheer individual attack force, however, his best may have come in any of several playoff series of a few seasons ago. In all but one year his playoff seasons have been better than his regular seasons.

Ironically, West has always been more skilled defensively than offensively, even in the early years when his image was that of a gunner. The players, though, were aware of the darting eyes on the skinny little pointy-eared rookie guarding them before they appreciated the classic jump shot. Bill Sharman, West's coach, feels that he is one of the few players who can play both his man and the ball at large. As numerous as his steals are, Sharman marvels more at the shots West blocks. "He must have blocked three times as many as any guard in history," he says. West himself takes a silly pride in shot blocking, rather like the dumb, stacked blonde who yawns to play Ophelia.

Having nothing more to establish as a shooter either, West revels in being a playmaker, a role he has been asked to emphasize in recent seasons. There are long stretches he goes through now when he seems to be imitating Guy Rodgers. Indeed, West has to be encouraged to put himself back into the offense as a scoring threat. Still, how he has scored 25,000 points and made 6,000 assists in the NBA without being able to dribble very stylishly or go to his left hardly at all is a matter you may wish to dwell on late some night.

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He has other attributes. Even the year he led the league in scoring, his 10th in the NBA, West would show up early and practice shooting by himself. He is always the first Laker in the locker room. On the day of a game he eats only a light lunch of soup and up to "a sandwich and a half." Then he naps. On the road, he keeps his watch on L.A. time and operates on that schedule. He concentrates so deeply on a game that, hours later, he can replay it in detail, including many moves and options that did not come off. Frank O'Neill, the Laker trainer, says, "Jerry has the perfect basketball body. He is not injury-prone. It's just the law of averages that he gets hurt, the way he plays." He has 38-inch arms, has weighed 188 pounds for the last six years, has had nine broken noses, and his hair is always in place.

West gets up to 6,000 requests for autographs a year, all of which he personally answers. Since he is never rude, people with hare-brained schemes often approach him for money. West probably makes \$200,000 a year, and very little of it is frittered away. "In poker, he'll call with four kings," Hundley says. West drives a Panther sports car. For reading, he prefers mysteries, after the sports pages. He takes showers, never baths. He usually wears turtlenecks. He never had his ankles taped before this season. One front tooth is longer than the other. He gets along with Wilt. He gets along with everybody.

Liking is very fundamental to West. He works at it. At least, he works at keeping in touch with his cohorts and lets his personality assume the burden for the rest. This is not a small thing, either, especially for a superstar who might put himself above that sort of everyday thing. On so many teams, where the players are divided into two brigades—white men and black men—such basic communication is lacking.

This problem is complicated further in professional basketball. The NBA is 60% black, with blacks in positions of prestige. The league seems at times like one of those role-playing exercises, where judges become prisoners for a day and parents pretend to be teen-agers. Not surprisingly, it is often difficult for blacks and



West was first schoolboy in state to have 500 point season

whites alike to adjust. That black teammates have called West a "half-brother" and a "white soul brother" is a tribute not only to the fact that he is a rare white interloper in what has become a largely black game, but that he is a white man who has accepted this fact without making a big deal of it. "The ones who have left me with the best impressions are the blacks," he says. "They've treated me much nicer than the whites."

His closest off-court friends on the Lakers have invariably been white, but, unlike Baylor, he can move into any discussion, gossip being an international language. Where Baylor had to dominate any gathering he joined, however, West merely lets himself be assimilated. He can even talk black jargon, and it is rather disconcerting to hear a high-pitched backwoods twang suddenly pop up from what appears to be an all-black conclave with: "Man, the dude said that?"

Graduate students of West's inflections maintain that a practiced ear can also detect other Western dialects. Allegedly, he has a special interview voice, a

card-game voice and the rat-a-tat-tat, head-wagging team-huddle voice. He also has a whole new act he has fallen into in the last year or so since he decided that he was old. This is a woe-is-old-me bit in which he dwells nostalgically on the great changes he has seen and the places he has been and, with awe and regret, on the fantastic young phenomena he finds about him now. In this posture, Old Man West does everything but purport to forecast the weather with his bone creakings.

Yet the most revealing West of all is the regular one, hanging around with the boys in the locker room and the airports and the buses and the lobbies where the players congregate. The essence of their life is found more in those places than on the court, and it is there that West reveals. It is no different, surely, than the scene in a bar or a barbershop back in Charleston, W. Va., where Jerry West, the insurance salesman, say, or the service-station owner, would be holding forth with the other boys if he had never happened to have played basketball well.

When the Lakers enter the locker room, West seems to make it a point to say something to each of them. In rapid succession he converses with Wilt about his Great Dunes, makes observations on the pants of Flynn Robinson and John Q. Trapp, chides O'Neill, the trainer, about some obscure old business, whispers new gossip for Gail Goodrich's ear, tells LeRoy Ellis he looks "like a deacon" and teases Pat Riley for becoming "a star."

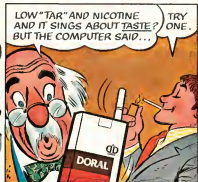
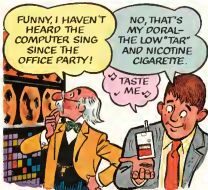
If no one else arrives, he starts right back again with Wilt on the perennial subject of airplanes. That done, West then attacks the salience with nothing less than a weather report. "I heard it on the way over," he intones to no one in particular. "It's supposed to snow in New England." This bit of intelligence is met with total ennui. The Lakers are presently in Los Angeles and will get no closer to New England than Phoenix for some time to come. "Yeah, I'm telling you, it's supposed to snow in New England. It was 87 in Fort Myers, Florida and 60 in Pittsburgh." Still no response. "And 26 in Montana." Completing his recitation of

continued

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Jerry West roadman

U.S. temperatures, West at last repairs to the trainer's table.

There is always someone to clown around with, to trade teases or lies with. Fifty-five other people have been Lakers while West was on the team. It is like a long-running musical, in which new actors are constantly taking over the roles. But the presentation remains the same because the lines and the scenes never change. The players worry that Baylor must be suffering severe withdrawal pains—not from missing the basketball, but from missing the life. One of the deities of sports lore, one promulgated relentlessly by players' associations, is that travel is a burden. On the contrary, it is a Teddy Bear's picnic, with \$19 per diem meal money. For West, the games are beginning to appear as interludes in the warm gypsy camaraderie, in the whole Peer Pan existence, the only one he has ever known as a grown-up.

"The toughest part of it," he says, "will be having to leave the life, the trips, the laughs. I've been around so long. The greatest job in the world would just be to go along with the guys. Oh, I'm telling you, it's an unbelievable part of our lives. Unfortunately, it is our lives. It seems like basketball first, then family. When I leave, there'll be a void. It's going to bother me, I know. Elgin must be going out of his mind. He was around so long. It's kind of sad when you think about it, because it's such a carefree life. Everybody always says it's a kid's game, but you see, it's a whole kid's life, too."

Understanding that, it is no wonder, really, that West has not changed, though No. 44 has. The tiger who used to pounce and snap before a game, who would throw up in a towel in the locker room, whose hands would drip whole rivers of nervous sweat, whose eyes would glare, that man is gone. "Jerry doesn't have the desire anymore," his wife says. "The only thing that could make him play again would be a big enough monetary incentive. And that's sad." She pushed him to come back the last two years; she won't this time. Jerry gave her golf clubs for Christmas, and the boys are taking the game up, too.

"I'm 33 years old, and I've spent 22 of those 33 years playing organized basketball," West says. "It seems kind of strange when you think about it that way. If I were in anything else, I would be moving into my best years now, but here I am just about where you have to

give it all up and start all over. But it doesn't worry me because I guess you can only be competitive for so long. You still play hard, but you've lost the competitive edge. I'm telling you, that's a big problem now. It's so much easier for me to play the game."

He was lying on a hotel bed in some town with some new game that night. He put the mystery he was reading aside and got ready to take his nap. He knew all he needed to know; who he was playing against and when the team bus left. It was the middle of the Lakers' 33-game winning streak, which was all very nice, but it did not seem to involve West with the intensity or joy that other Lakers evidenced. It was more questions for him to answer, more demands, more letters, more ticket requests. It was much better than losing; but, ultimately, so what? How many people will long remember that Boston finished in fourth place the last time it beat Los Angeles for the title? In the end, the Celtics beat the Lakers. Win 59 in a row and lose in the playoffs, and what do you want to remember but the good times with the good guys on the road?

"Jerry never thinks he's fated to lose," Jane West says. "He believes he's going to win. He has so much confidence. It would be easy when he lost if he felt he was fated. But he is sure he's going to win. You see, that's exactly what makes it so hard afterwards."

"Sometimes I do feel sorry for myself, but then I know I don't have any right to," West says. "If I could not have played basketball, I could not have even gone to college. I'm telling you, in some ways it is so ridiculous. When I came into the league, I had three goals for myself. I wanted to stay in the league 10 years, I wanted to make All-League and I wanted to work my way up to \$50,000 a year. What has happened has been fantastic. Everything nice has happened to me. It's almost like a storybook, if you could write the ending for it."

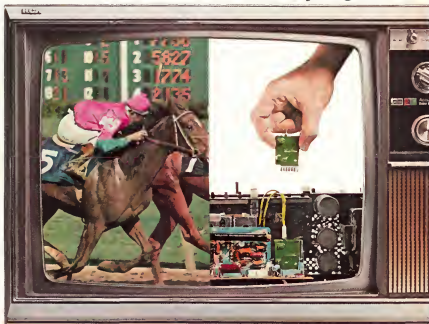
He put on a sheepish smile and his storybook voice. "Well, in the final game of my career we won the championship. When at last I get dressed and leave, everyone else has gone, and all the lights are out. Then, in the dark, I walk down the tunnel of The Forum with my wife at my side. All you can hear are our footsteps. And we just walk out into the night. That's the way it should end, I guess."

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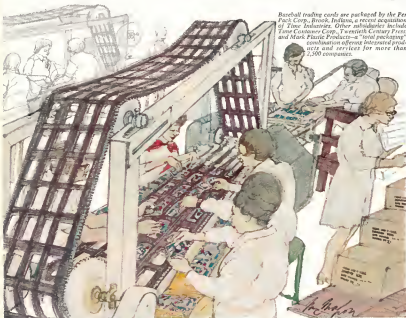
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 25-31

BASKETBALL—NBA. Boston and New York traded up among trading veterans (page 12), and by week's end the Celtics, with three of five wins overall, led the Knicks, masters of three of four, by 495 points in the East Division. Central leader Baltimore edged closer to a .700 record (24-20, 9th) with a 101-90 win, defeating Cincinnati (100-123-108 on 43 points in the last period and 132-126-140 on Buffalo 115-114 when Wes Unseld scored a bucket with one second left to overtime. With Brian Brown's mean-spirited hook and scoring moves, second-place Atlanta, five games out, won three of four, including a 115-113 victory over Milwaukee as Matthews prepared in 30 minutes 114 in the last five minutes and made 14 points, and a 121-110 over Buffalo as Phil Pate scored in 28. Milwaukee held its 49-point lead over Chicago in the Midwest when both teams took three of four, while Golden State edged half a game off of Los Angeles. Pacific Division lead (11-1) by winning four of five as the Lakers snuffed up over their field slump with two wins in a row. The Warriors' 11-game victory streak was stopped by the Bulls (1-1), and Cleveland's 11-game losing streak came to an end when the Cavs, bolstered by the return of rookie Akeem O'Neal, who had been out with a bad foot since Dec. 8, unexpectedly dumped Boston 112-108.

AFLA. Kentucky, the East leader, and Utah, tops in the West, both increased their leads in the divisional races before taking a break for the All-Star Game. The Colts left four games back, snuffing the Stars by 16 points and edging Indiana 58-44, and leaving to New York by 13 and to Michigan 17-9 to snap a 10-game road victory streak. Running up Virginia, the Colts followed, dropping, including a 130-122 loss to Denver despite league-leading leader Charlie Scott's 38 points. Thursday New York pulled up 220 games on the Bengals and divided to within 57 of second by winning three of four. The Jets left the Patriots 116-100, the Colts 113-100 as center John Roston scored 31 points and the Bengals 116-112 when Rick Barry, who scored 44, powered the 49ers. The jumper with 38 attempts to go. In New York's only loss, 125-116 in overtime at Philadelphia, the Cowboys outscored the Nets 11-0 in the fourth period, then led 11 straight points in the first 25 minutes of the overtime period. Utah's lead over the Stars was two of three and the Patriots two of one. The Patriots in Louisville.

The favored EAST, paced by Carolina rookie Jay McDaniel's record 18 points in the first period, got on a dazzling display of fast breaks and separate points in the contest to overwhelm the Heat 142-145 in the AHA All-Star Game in Louisville.

HOCKEY—First place Boston pulled five points ahead of New York in the East by going Buffalo 3-0 as Dave Scott's 26th goal midway in the third period and beating Philadelphia twice 4-2, as the Rangers took three games. In the first game won over the 49ers 4-0, 19th, the Rangers scored four goals to bring its season total to 42, making him only the second player in NHL history to score 40 or more goals in four consecutive seasons. Bobby Hull was the first in a rare occasion, the Canadiens' Frank Mahovlich and the North Stars' Lou Nanne each scored three goals in the same game, and Nick LaBelle slipped in three in Detroit's 3-1 win over Buffalo on the same night. Espinoza scored his first NHL goal, Minnesota won 3-1 over Los Angeles, 6-3 over Montreal and 4-2 over New York—but still remained 10 games behind West leader Chicago, which also took three in a row. The Black Hawks' Tony Esposito scored his 103 and sixth shutout of the season in a 4-0 victory over Toronto and Vancouver and extended his shutout streak to three. Gary Smith was in the goal for the Red Wings' 4-2 win over Pittsburgh.

The favored EAST edged the West 3-2 in the NHL All-Star Game in Bloomington, Mass. as Jean Beliveau, John McKenzie and Phil Esposito scored twice to overcome a 2-0 second-period West lead. Gailan Villeneuve took over for Kim Dryden in the East net, midway through the second period, and took out the West the rest of the way.

WRESTLING. For the first time in the 41-year history of the Monte Carlo (Bibb, Louisiana), SAN-DRO MILAKI and HAROLD MANUCCI, driving a Linda Feltus, won the grueling two-day, 2,100-mile event. Only 34 of 297 cars finished.

YACHT & FIELD—STEVE PRISFANTINE, the week's outstanding performer for the second year in a row, easily won the two-day run in a 5-0, 74 seconds short of the world record, as the London Island Invitational in Portland, and in the second round Jim Ryan, who finished fourth, AL-LEUBERACH heaved the shot 66' 8 1/2", which was less than 1/4" shy of his world mark, while Sweden's KIRILL BAKKADON made his 27 in the pole vault and JOHN RADETTICH cleared seven feet in the high jump.

Two most records were set in the 65th Westminster Madison Games at New York's Madison Square Garden when LONARD HILTON was clocked in 13.21 in the three-mile run, starting George Young's 1968 mark by 10.8 seconds, and LEE EVANS took the 600 in 1:09.9, beating Martin McCaffrey, the old record holder, for the second successive year. In other events, MEL FENDER edged Dr. Delmo McWhorter in the 100-yard dash (8.21) and RICH MILES in the 50-yard hurdles (24.1).

defeated Rene Coleman, Thomas Hall and Willie Davenport, JURI LAGUNA beat Amanda's Rajah Dashed in the 100-yard run (1:07.21) as Tom Van Kester, who finished second, was disqualified. KIRBY MAGNAN won the mile in 4:31.3, ROMIL B. GILK, pole-vaulter 11' 11" and RYANALDO BROWN cleared 7' in the high jump.

MILEPOSTS—AWARDED. The \$50,000 Haskell donated 200-gold ball to Professional Athlete of the Year to LEE TRIVETT, 32, winner of the Bronx and U.S. Open, Toronto, who had already been named Association of the Year by sports Illustrated. Guide of the Year by the American Male Athlete of the Year by the Associated Press. Established award of Roberto Clemente of the Pittsburgh Pirates and his wife, who died in a plane crash in 1972.

ELECTED TO Baseball's Hall of Fame by the Veterans Committee, pitcher WARREN (Gaff) GOMEZ, 52, outfielder BOSS YOUNG and former American League President WILL HARRIDGE. The association's Game, a left-handed, was 189 points in 13 seasons with the New York Yankees (1918-1942), and was 6-0 in five World Series (in 1920). Young, a superb nightcrawler for the New York Giants from 1911 to 1926, batted .332 and played in four Series, while dying of a kidney ailment in age 39, while Harbridge batted the AL from 1910-14.

RETIRED. DORRIS MEYER, 19, winner of three Olympic swimming gold medals at the 1968 Olympics, said "I don't want to have the dirty associate and Meyer." "I have been to the Olympics and I don't want to work that hard to get there again."

SIGNED as head coach of the Chicago Bears, ARL GIBSON, 48, an assistant coach the last seven years. Gibson, a pro guard for 11 seasons and a few coach with the Washington Redskins for five, became only the sixth coach of the team in 53 years.

TRADED. By the New York Giants, Quarterback FRANK TARKENTON, 31, to the Minnesota Vikings for Wide Receiver BILLY DAVIS, 25, reserve Quarterback NORM SPENGLER, 32, rookie Running Back Vince Clements, 23, and two draft choices (July 6). In another trade, the San Diego Chargers obtained Defensive End DAVID (Daou) GORE, 33, an All-Pro, from the Chicago Bears, a 1974 first-round pick, and the San Diego Charger, Defensive Tackle GREG WOOLK, 26, and Running Back LEE WHITE, 25, from the Los Angeles Rams for Linebacker JEFF STANTON, 27, a first-round pick, and three draft choices.

CREDITS

13, 14—Walter Jones Jr., 15—Walter Jones Jr., John D. Hagan, 16—Michael D. Gorman, 17—Paul Hagan, 18—Jim, the reporter by David Hagan, 19—Hag Hagan, 20—Hag Hagan, 21—Hag Hagan, 22, 23—Tom Stewart, 24, 27—John D. Hagan, 28—Richard Pate, 29—Hag Hagan, 30—John D. 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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ONE MAN'S VICTORY

Sirs:

Congratulations to Pat Jordan for his frank but sensitive treatment of one athlete's struggle with himself (*What Made Richie Run?* Jan. 24).

The conditions of life sometimes prevent the most gifted among us from attaining cherished goals. However, as Richie Connors has demonstrated, both in his dedication to athletics and in his unswerving sense of personal worth, there can be even greater value for the individual in overcoming obstacles in the pursuit of an objective than in the mere fulfillment of that objective.

The message in the life of Richard Connors lies not in the circumstances of his tragedy but in the perseverance of will displayed in his triumph over addiction, impenitence and the ensuing social rejection. He may never have had the opportunity to distinguish himself in the realm of professional football, but he has proved himself a champion in a larger sense.

BRIAN LOTBROOK

Hanover, N.H.

Sirs:

A few days ago, I was deeply impressed by the speaker at our Police Athletic League football dinner. He seemed to speak directly to each boy about the values of participating in sports, about the values of living a clean life and, most of all, about how to learn to lose and then to win a game. Even his lighter remarks had meaning. The speaker was the Bridgeport Jets' Richie Connors, and we all applauded him.

Then I read your amazing article on Connors! It really shook me up to discover what he has been through. I am sorry it took him so long to find himself, but I am glad he did. My son is one of the Mount Snow boys, and he, too, voted Mr. Connors his favorite coach. Thank you for the insight.

SANDRA G. KRAKOFF

Westport, Conn.

Sirs:

As a teen-ager who has read many articles and stories about the plights of drug users, both inside and outside the world of sports, I find this article to be one of the best. Let us just hope that it serves a higher purpose than that of merely entertaining the readers of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

ADAM EDWARDS

Little Neck, N.Y.

Sirs:

It was one of the finest, if not the finest, article I have ever read in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. I am of the younger generation (15

years old) and in love with sports just as Dick Connors was, but this article will make me think twice about drugs.

DANNY GALLAGHER

Tampa

Sirs:

Pat Jordan's article shows in depth what drugs can do to your life. The fate of Richie Connors was a happy one but, unfortunately, this is not usually the case with most drug addicts. I have read many of your articles, but I got more out of this one than any of your others. Thank you for printing it.

CLAUDE REYNOLDS

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

Richie Connors played the game of football beautifully—but he plays the game of life even better.

LINDA MARQUARDT

East Lansing, Mich.

MR. BRUNDAGE'S OLYMPICS

Sirs:

Mr. Brundage rules by a double standard. There can be little difference between allowing Martini, the name of a sponsor of the Sestriere FIS event, to appear on the bibs of the skiers (*The Big Man Loves His Olympic Boon*, Jan. 17) and allowing the name of the television network that pays a huge sum for the broadcast rights to the Games to appear on the television screen in the form of a logo on overlays, microphones, TV cameras and announcers' blazers. In addition, the network is allowed to sell advertising time to sponsors whose commercials are aired during the televising of the events. If Brundage were to apply the same criterion of amateurism to the organization and staging of the Olympics, then where would the Games be?

THOMAS HUI

Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

William Johnson seemed delighted to be able to disclose the extent to which the FIS has violated Avery Brundage's Olympic rules of amateurism. The FIS and many others have broken the rules because they do not respect them. And with good reason. The rules don't deserve respect. Any athlete who wants to compete must support himself financially.

Sport is, above all, a test of body and mind. This means the very best athletes ought to be competing in the Olympic Games. We're making progress, but I won't be satisfied until I can see the Boston Bruins against the Russians in the Olympic hockey

finals. This is the big issue, not whether the FIS will clean up its house.

RAUTER L. MEYER

Cambridge, Mass.

ICE BREAKERS

Sirs:

Why is it that any article on Buffalo must be prefaced by a remark depicting it as a cold, drab and formidable city (*Enter a Terrible Swift Snow*, Jan. 24)?

Your readers might be interested to know that some one million people like the life here. We enjoy four distinct seasons. Excellent ski resorts dot the countryside. The Albright-Knox Gallery houses one of the world's most outstanding contemporary art collections. Young and brilliant Michael Tilson Thomas leads the Buffalo Philharmonic. The University of Buffalo has one of America's leading research centers. A local professional theater troupe flourishes. Antiquated War Memorial Stadium is dual to be replaced. And, despite their dismal records, the Bills, Braves and Sabres have been loyally and enthusiastically supported.

And, yes, we have Rick Martin and Gil Perreault, too.

STUART C. HEMPEL

Warsaw, N.Y.

Sirs:

You are right. Buffalo fans finally have something to cheer about. No doubt Rick Martin will break the fabulous record of 38 goals set by Gil Perreault in his rookie season. In any case, I am certain this won't be the last time Rick will make headlines in SI.

MIKE JETTEL

Buffalo

Sirs:

Rick Martin is the hottest thing to hit Buffalo since Cookie Gilchrist.

STEPHEN F. CLIFFORD

Orencia, N.Y.

BAGGY PANTS

Sirs:

I'd like to offer my ideas as to why hockey players don't seem to want to fight anymore. It's these uniforms they wear. In what other sport do you find things held together with garters, garter belts and suspenders? Football and baseball have pulled up their socks (the Pirates look especially salty). Only in hockey do we have a lumpy, droopy stocking gap. I suggest hockey players don't fight anymore because they are afraid, what with TV, their whole outfit may disintegrate and they'll be caught with their pants down.

MARY MARTIN

Portland, Ore.

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10TH HOLE continued

location, even a North Carolina graduate can be objective about a rough game involving a South Carolina team. Keep it up, Curry, you're doing better.

ZENO MARTIN

West Lafayette, Ind.

Sirs:

An article about either of the McGuiness would certainly be interesting, but an article featuring both Al and Frank is an Irishman's delight. Brendan Behan writing about the O'Learys could not have surpassed Curry Kirkpatrick's latest effort.

JAMES DUGGAN

Oconomowoc, Wis.

Sirs:

I was particularly disturbed by Curry Kirkpatrick's comments regarding the brawl that erupted during the Marquette-South Carolina game, which I had a chance to see on television. The gist of his thinking seemed to be that "three minutes of heavy punching on both sides" was somehow appropriate and "not wholly unexpected" considering the fierce competitiveness and desire to win of both teams.

I was profoundly appalled by the length and violence of this fracas. One of sport's most fundamental purposes is to serve as an outlet for man's natural aggressiveness and competitiveness under conditions of fair play and sportsmanship. Athletes and spectators both undergo a healthy catharsis of these innate tendencies, as many psychologists have pointed out. But when the athletic event becomes an arena for malicious violence, it becomes in essence no more than a microcosm of our modern-day wars and persecutions.

I believe the NCAA must carefully investigate incidents of this sort and strictly enforce regulations and penalties.

JIM SHARBARD

Philadelphia

GREENER PASTURES

Sirs:

Barry McDermott's chronicle (*Hold Up Your Head, Tom Doty*, Jan. 17) of a golf fantasy come true boggles the mind. It makes an unabashed galling fanatic pine for spring and, ah, perhaps, a vision of Tom Doty's Camelot.

FRANK HINCHY

Cincinnati

Sirs:

The story of Tom Doty's fantastic round of golf staggers the imagination of anyone who has ever played the game. It also makes one wonder why he and the four men playing with him did not take polygraph tests to confirm the authenticity of this fabulous round.

Given this verification, officials of the

Masters tournament should extend to Tom Doty an invitation to participate.

WILT A. YERGAN JR.

Jackson, Miss.

Sirs:

If it did not have one before, the sport of golf now has a patron saint. In the name of the millions of golfers who have dared to dream of such a round, please believe in Tom Doty. He must have shot that 2-1-1-2. Otherwise, why would so many of us play such a completely unconquerable game?

JERRY BEE

Elyria, Ohio

MR. SEILER'S FESTIVAL

Sirs:

The fine article John Underwood wrote on the immortal Earnie Seiler (*The House that Earnie Built*, Jan. 3) brings back vivid and exciting memories to one who was there. As a university student in 1933, I bummed South during the Christmas holidays with three of my buddies. We arrived in Miami in time for the first annual Palm Festival. Around 10 a.m. we gravitated to the main gate on 36th Street and laid our plan of attack for crashing the game. As my buddies made an estimate of the situation, a skinny, red-faced man wearing a large Panama hat and chewing a long cigar came over to me and said, "Hey, Red, help with these boxes of sound stuff." What a break. Once we were in, we were in like Flynn. I assisted in setting up the P.A. system and ended up helping with the announcing of the game.

I will never forget Mr. Seiler, a man of action, moving all over the place in his rumpled white suit, chain-smoking his cigars. The temperature must have been every bit of 100° in the shade—with no shade. There were few if any sanitary facilities. There were two cold-drink stands and, true to the Florida theme of the day, orange juice was almost exclusively sold. I recall hearing Mr. Seiler tell a well-dressed dude, "I would rather be a lamppost on Biscayne Boulevard on New Year's Eve than a millionaire on State Street in Chicago."

Earnie Seiler has come a long, long way in his 39 years with his festival. May he continue bigger and better.

GLENN J. (RED) MCGOWAN
Colonel, USA (ret.)

San Diego

Sirs:

John Underwood's article on Earnie Seiler was, I think, the best since Bob Ottum's July 19 musical about Boog Powell (No offense. SI has great articles.)

STEVEN ERENSTADT

Providence

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The editors of *ATLANTIC BRIEF LIVES*, Louis Kronenberger and Emily Merriam Brock, first selected the 1,061 figures who have made major contributions to the field of arts and letters throughout Western history. Then 129 of the best scholars and writers of our time were asked to write on 211 leading figures who interested them personally.

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